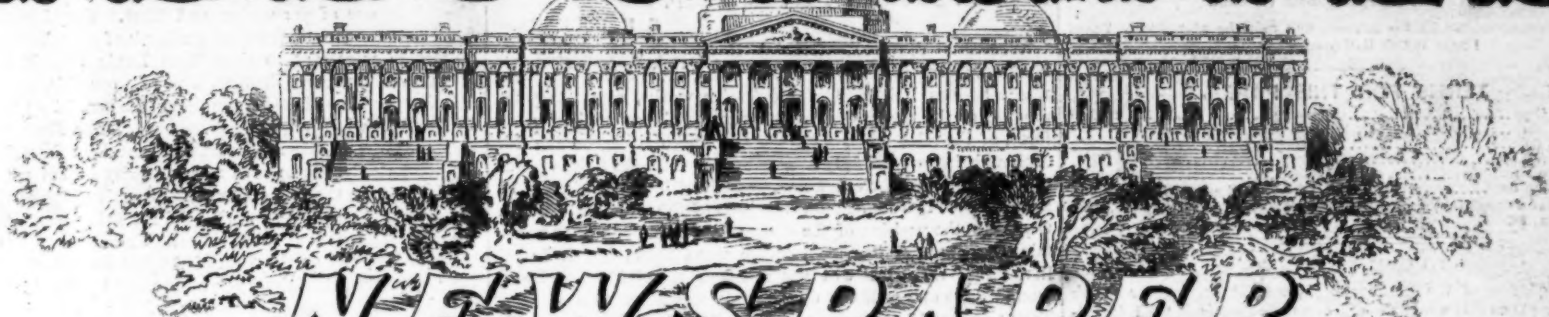


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 12, 1861.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

WAR INCIDENTS—REAPING A CROP OF "SECESH OATS."

WAR has its comic as well as its tragic side, and among the former are those little incidents which we have from time to time presented to our readers. The last number of our paper contained a very interesting letter from our Artist, where he gave the particulars of some of these humors of the war, as they were disclosed on the

march from Pilot Knob to Cape Girardeau. We give one to-day where a crop of oats, very carefully stowed away by some provident "secesher," came most opportunely to the aid of the "loyal horses." That they were duly paid for by the Federal Government did not diminish the pleasure their possession gave to our troops. The scene our Artist has sketched occurred near Bessyville, Missouri, a village already celebrated in our paper as the scene of similar exploits.

FORT HOLT, KENTUCKY.

CAIRO being the point d'appui of our Western military operations, necessitates the establishment of other points to protect it. Hence Cape Girardeau on the north, Bird's Point on the west, Paducah on the east, and Fort Holt on the south. This latter fort is situated on the Kentucky side of the Ohio, and almost immediately opposite Cairo. It was named in honor of that noble Kentuckian, Joseph



"GATHERING SECESH OATS"—AN INCIDENT IN THE MARCH OF GENERAL FRENTISS'S DIVISION FROM IRONTON TO CAPE GIRARDEAU.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ATTACHED TO GENERAL FRENTISS'S COMMAND.

Holt, who, during the short time he held the War Department after the defection of Floyd, endeavored to repair the damage caused by his fraudulent predecessor. Our readers will perceive that Fort Holt is rapidly becoming as impregnable as Cairo, which city it at once protects and is protected by. With Fort Holt and Paducah in our possession, troops can be thrown into any part of Kentucky to crush Secession and assist the Unionists. Our larger picture represents the troops landing on the Kentucky shore, to commence the building of Fort Holt. The rapidity with which they have proceeded with their arduous task reflects the highest credit on their industry and skill.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Publisher—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 12, 1861.

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TO OUR READERS.

In consequence of the number of important Engravings which adorn our pages this week, we are compelled to omit the interesting tale of "My Golden Skeleton;" it will, however, be continued in our next.

The State of the Nation.

"—Everything lies level to our wish,
—pace—till these rebels now afoot
Come underneath the yoke of government."—Shakespeare.

THE week has shown a considerable change in the position of the armies around Washington. Munson's Hill and the other positions occupied by the rebels, in their late attempted advance on the Capitol, were promptly taken possession of by the National forces on their evacuation. The indications are, that the main body of the Southern army has fallen back on the stronghold at Manassas, abandoning the designs on Washington, with a view of sparing a heavy detachment for operations in Kentucky. The batteries erected on the Potomac, at Freestone Point and other places, and which at one time threatened interruption of communication with the Capitol, are said to have been withdrawn. At any rate, they have been silent during the week. If any attempt was meditated of crossing the upper Potomac, it has been forcibly postponed by the rapid rise of the river, under the Equinoctial rains, rendering the fords impassable. The supposed powerful works erected by the rebels on Munson's and Mason's Hills prove on examination to be most abject specimens of engineering skill, and utterly worthless for any earnest military purpose. Some of the supposed "co'umbiads" were found to be painted imitations of wood, and the whole series of advanced rebel fortifications, elaborate impostures, reminding us of the painted canvas forts of the Chinese. There may have been or may be some profound rebel strategy under the movements and operations of the rebels, but the most rational supposition is that they are utterly at a loss what to do or how to act. They have sharp eyes watching them, and keen detective judgments valuing their minutest proceedings, and finding themselves checkmated at every point, it is not wonderful that their plans should change with every day, and be in no wise settled.

The rebels know that the new gunboats are nearly all afloat; that several powerful expeditions are only awaiting the first frost to pounce down on unprotected points on the Southern coast, and they feel that some demonstration must be made before Washington at once, if at all, or else the great army they have got together at so great sacrifice and exertion must be dissolved for local and home defence, in which case McClellan will move unresistingly southward with the force of an avalanche. Knowing all this, the Southern leaders have had to resort to every expedient to encourage their men and keep them together. To this end Jeff Davis himself recently visited the army, and on the 2d assured it that if the men would only look well to their muskets they would be in Baltimore on the 6th. But the day passed, and the army moved not. Apprehensions seem to exist in the minds of the rebels of Gen. McClellan's purpose to turn their flank at Aquia Creek, an apprehension not unlikely to be realized within the coming week.

Troops continue to pour into Washington from the North, and the indications of a forward movement are numerous. Meanwhile the work of organization and discipline goes steadily on. The construction of defences, whereby 50,000 men will be able to protect the Capitol against any possible force that can be brought against it, is nearly concluded. Gen. McClellan, in a recent order, enumerates and names no less than 32 forts and fortified positions, around Washington, estimated to mount 1,000 guns of heavy calibre. The completion of these will liberate at least 150,000 troops for other operations.

Some excesses were committed by the National troops in their advance on Munson's Hill and Falls Church, which called out from Gen. McClellan a characteristic General Order. We print it, in contrast with an intercepted letter from Gen. Buckner, the insurgent commander in Kentucky, as an indication of the sentiments and principles pervading the Northern and Southern armies respectively:

GENERAL ORDER, NO. 19.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
WASHINGTON, Oct. 1, 1861.

The attention of the General commanding has recently been directed to depredations of an atrocious character that have been committed upon the persons and property of citizens in Virginia, by the troops under his command. The property of inoffensive people has been lawlessly and violently taken from them, their houses broken open, and in some instances burned to the ground. The General is perfectly aware of the fact that these outrages are perpetrated by a few bad men, and do not receive the sanction of the mass of the army. He feels confident, therefore, that all officers and soldiers who have the interest of the service at heart will cordially unite their efforts with his in endeavoring to suppress practices which disgrace the name of a soldier.

The General commanding directs that in future all persons connected with this army who are detected in depredating upon the property of citizens shall be arrested and brought to trial; and he assures all concerned that crimes of such enormity will admit of no remission of the death penalty which the military law attaches to offences of this nature. When depredations are committed on

property in charge of a guard, the commander, as well as the other members of the guard, will be held responsible for the same as principals, and punished accordingly.

By command of Major-General McCLELLAN.
S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General.

BOWLING GREEN, September 12, 1861

MR. GEORGE W. TRIPLETT—

MY DEAR SIR: Yours is received. Lock No. 1 must be destroyed. I rely upon your friends at Owensborough to do it. Not an hour must be lost. Its destruction is a great deal to me in crippling our adversary. Assemble our friends, without delay, in sufficient force to accomplish the object. One of the best ways is to open all the gates but one, and to dig down behind the wall at both gates; to put one or two kegs of powder behind the wall, apply a slow match, and blow the wall into the lock. If possible, it should be done in such a way as to leave a strong current through the lock, which will empty the dam. Provide everything in advance. Do not fail. It is worth an effort.

S. H. BUCKNER.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.—General Reynolds, commanding the National forces at Cheat Mountain Pass, in Western Virginia, where he has built powerful defensive works, controlling the passage of the mountains, made a successful reconnaissance, in force, of the rebel position on the Greenbrier River, on the 2d. Although intended simply as a reconnaissance, the fighting was quite severe for several hours, though with a loss of only 10 killed and 11 wounded on the part of the National troops. Owing to the position of the enemy, it was impossible to ascertain the amount of damage inflicted upon them, but it is believed that their loss will not fall far short of 500 killed and wounded, as our artillery did terrible execution among them. They also lost 13 prisoners, and a lot of cattle and horses.

NORTH CAROLINA.—There has been a considerable concentration of troops at Hatteras Inlet, with a view to a more extended occupation of the North Carolina coast. Reports of the occupation of a portion of Roanoke Island by the rebels, and the erection of batteries to command the inland approach to Albemarle Sound, and by way of the Dismal Swamp Canal to Norfolk, have induced the occupation of a point called Chicamacomico by the National forces, the 20th Indiana regiment having been detailed from the service. On the 2d, while proceeding to the camp of this regiment, with a supply of commissary stores and a small detachment, the little propeller Fanny, fitted out as an armed transport, was captured by three rebel gunboats which put out from Roanoke Island. Treason or complicity with the rebels is suspected on the part of the captain and his officers. Large numbers of the North Carolinians resident on the coast have taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, and the predominant sentiment in the State seems to be loyal.

KENTUCKY.—Affairs in this State have not materially changed. A great bridge of boats has been thrown across the Ohio River from the Illinois shore to Paducah, and that important position has been strongly fortified, as has also that point of Kentucky between the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, opposite Cairo, where a strong work has been built called Fort Holt. In consequence of the continued ill health of General Anderson, General McCook, of Ohio, has been placed at the head of the National forces in Kentucky. The rebels have been foiled in their Vandalic purpose of destroying navigation on Green River, and also in their design of occupying Muldraugh's Hill, the most important strategic position of central Kentucky, which is held by the combined Illinois and Kentucky forces. Meanwhile enlistment for the 40,000 men authorized by the Legislature, over the Governor's veto, is rapidly going on, with every prospect of being soon completed. The Legislature has refrained from impeaching Governor Magoffin, notwithstanding his notorious treasonable sentiments and relations, but has instructed Messrs. Breckinridge and Powell (the first a refugee from the State in the rebel camp) to resign their seats in the United States Senate, as no longer representing either the feelings or principles of the State. The \$2,000,000 Loan Bill, for covering the State's quota of the National tax, and for carrying on the war, has also passed the Legislature. It was vetoed by the Governor, in common with every important measure preceding it, but was carried over his head. The banks of the State, which are sound and patriotic, have agreed to take the loan, *pro rata*; and altogether the prospects of the Union look better in Kentucky than they have for a number of months past. The Legislature, distrusting Governor Magoffin, has adjourned to November 27, and meantime taken the disposition of the State militia from the Governor, and placed it under the Military Board appointed by itself.

MISSOURI.—Rumors have been current during the week that a Court Martial had been ordered on General Fremont, and that he had been superseded in command of the Department of the West by General Wool. These rumors have not been verified, although there is no doubt that charges have been formally preferred against the General for incompetence, a false system of exclusiveness, and malfeasance, by Colonel Frank Blair. At last advice he was concentrating his troops at Jefferson City, with a view of giving battle to General Price, in force. It is said that he deprecates small actions as indecisive, however bloody, and proposes to win or lose the State at a single blow. While General Fremont is thus concentrating his forces, it is said that Price has evacuated Lexington, with a purpose of retreat, or to give battle to Fremont; and reports are current, that General Sturgis has defeated the rebel General Harris, sent by Price to the northward of the Missouri, and driven him back with great loss. There are some inconsistencies in this report; but there is no doubt of the success of General Lane over the rebels at Osceola. It was so decisive as to alarm Ben McCulloch, who, in a proclamation, dated Camp Jackson, September 26, announces that Lane and Montgomery are marching on Arkansas; that he has but 3,500 men, and requires immediate aid to check their advance. He concludes as follows:

"Kansas Lane and Montgomery have defeated a Missouri regiment under Col. Hunter, and have burned Osceola. I need three regiments of infantry immediately. I will accept them for twelve months. Let all those who have arms bring them, as the arms turned over by the State may fall into the hands of those nearest to them. Let those who wish to serve their State rally to her defence at once."

CALIFORNIA.—From California we have advices showing the overwhelming preponderance of the Union sentiment:

"The cavalry regiments called for from the State are now full of overflowing, and yesterday one or two companies were refused. There is still room in the infantry regiments, although they are fast filling up."

These troops are destined to operate, not only in defence of the State, but in vindicating the national authority in New Mexico and

Arizona, where Buchanan officials were nearly all in league with the Southern conspirators, and whose conduct and influence have given to those territories a rebel leaning more or less pronounced.

The Savage Allies of Secession.

THE Provost-Marshal of St. Louis has issued an order to the banks of that city holding the annuity funds of the Cherokee Indians, directing them to retain the same for the use of the United States, in consequence of the Cherokees having severed their connection with the Government of the United States and joined the so-called Confederacy. These Indians, some of whom are slaveholders, have been induced to take this step under the combined influence of persuasion and force. They have been assiduously tampered with from the outbreak of the rebellion. Commissioners were sent to them from Davis himself, and while McCulloch threatened them with war on one side, Pike held out delusive promises of the assumption of the annuities paid from the United States by the rebel government. John Ross, their chief, under whose intelligent government the Cherokees have made the greatest advance in civilization of any Indian tribe of this continent, from the first opposed the machinations of the rebels, and warned his people of the fearful risks they were running in swerving from their allegiance to the Union. But he was overborne at last, and on the 20th of August an act of adhesion to the "Southern Confederacy" was passed by the chiefs in council. Measures were subsequently taken to raise men for the rebel service, and it is said that the Creeks will furnish 1,000 men and the Cherokees 1,200.

This wicked rebellion has only added another to the list of terrible retributions which will ultimately be visited on the heads of its promoters, by taking a step so repugnant to the spirit of the age and violation of the rules which govern civilized warfare, as this of calling to its aid the savages of the border. Does the South wish to see a dozen regiments of free negroes and liberated slaves sent with knife and torch amongst its servile population? Yet its proceedings would fully justify this vengeful blow; and if the humanity and moderation of the North have thus far restrained it, it will be well for the rebels to understand that our patience has its limits, and that we hold in our hands weapons more direful than were ever yet wielded by any belligerent power. Davis and his myrmidons may understand once for all, that when the first war-whoop is raised in our loyal western towns, when the first Indian war-dance is celebrated around the burning homes of our people, and the first scalp of woman or child dangles from a savage belt, there will be no further forbearance. A cloud blacker than midnight, and freighted with a doom more terrible than that which descended on the Cities of the Plain, impends over the rebel South, and waits only the utterance of a single word to come down in a tempest of fire and blood, and overwhelm high and low, loyal and unloyal, with no distinction of age or sex, in one wide ruin.

As regards the poor deluded savages themselves, it seems that by their own acts they are hastening the day of their final extinction—a day which Christianity and philanthropy have labored to postpone, but which, with a blind fatuity, they now seek to precipitate. Deprived of the paternal care of the Government, even if they should escape the overwhelming blow which they have provoked, it cannot be long before ancient feuds will arise, family quarrels be opened afresh, and one after one they will disappear, until that last solitary Indian, pictured by painter and poet, shall chaunt his own death-song among the arid recesses of the Rocky Mountains. "The evil ambition which closes a career of wrong to the Indian tribes, by hurrying them into extinction, will bear their fate as an added burden to sink it into the depths of infamy for all coming time."

A Literary Imposture.

A most ludicrous attempt at literary imposture has recently been exposed in Europe. A certain "Abbé Em. Domenich," who has published a number of works on America in Paris and London, wherein he has portrayed American character as it exists on the English and French stage, and nowhere else, lately printed a book, the title of which, in plain English, is "A Pictographic American Manuscript, with an Introduction on the Ideographic System of the Red Skins," i. e. Indians. As an indication of the lax principles of the class of Abbés to which this Domenich belongs, it should be said that of his last preceding work, entitled "A Missionary's Wanderings in the Interior of America," he took more than one-half from the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," published in Washington, without the slightest acknowledgment. That was simple theft and fraud; his last effort is unmitigated stupidity and ignorance.

This manuscript of the "Red Skins," which by some strange influence he seems to have prevailed on the French Emperor to print, as a genuine monument of Indian pictography, proves to be the copy-book of some German schoolboy of the West, who, instead of learning to spell rational English, wasted his time in drawing, very rudely indeed, a variety of pictures, caricaturing his master, and illustrating his own precocious, nasty ideas and conceptions. In these, this arrant humbug and ineffable impostor, Domenich, with a grand affectation of occult wisdom, pretended to discover profound allusions to Phallic worship, the mysteries of Eleusis, and the rites of *Bona Dea*. He pretended to find also "alphabetic and syllabic" symbols, and a variety of other things, eminently startling and curious. But while the Abbé's imagination is expansive, his pretensions preposterous, his impertinence infinite, and his regard for truth infinitesimal, he still lacks the solid substantiality of a knowledge of German. In this, perhaps, he may be excused, for that is an acme of attainment not vouchsafed to ordinary mortals—particularly not to audacious Abbés, who waste their lives in cribbing other people's works and converting them into French of a very low standard of purity. Well, the mendacious Abbé's book, albeit "Publié sous les Auspices de M. le Ministre de l'Etat, et de la Maison de l'Empereur," fell into the hands of a prosaic German, named Petzholdt, who naturally enough knew that excellent lingo called "High Dutch." And under Petzholdt's eye, the "alphabetic and syllabic symbols" of the learned Abbé resolved themselves into perfectly intelligible German words and phrases. For instance, an uncouth-looking vessel, which to the Abbé's vision represents a barrel of "fire water," or *rum*, is marked by

one of those "alphabetic and syllabic symbols," which the Abbé thinks is going to revolutionize all our preconceived ideas of written language, and which, modestly, he confesses his inability to explain. Herr Petzholdt finds these symbols to be, what they are obviously to the least educated eye, "h-o-n-i-g"—honey. The picture represents a beehive! As observed by the London *Saturday Review*, there are other blunders of a still more comical kind, "but which, on account of the delicacy of the subject, we must forbear to particularize." This budding Teutonic artist, whose early efforts Domenich has immortalized, at the expense of the French Emperor, it is clear, was a very nasty little boy, with bad antecedents, and very low ideas, whose last notion in the world was the possibility of imposing even on a Domenich! That he should impose on such a consummate charlatan as this Abbé, however, is less wonderful than that the Abbé should impose upon anybody, not excepting an Emperor, whose occupations of State must preclude the scrutiny necessary to sound science! The Abbé has realized Dogberry's reiteration—he has written himself down an ass. Were the game worth the candle, we could also prove that the greater part of his pretended travels in America is sheer fiction, and that many of the adventures and incidents which he relates are of the same class with the stories of Arrowsmith in the *London Times*.

A Voice from the Grave!

The late President of the United States is not content to rest quietly in the obscurity into which he subsided on leaving the office of chief magistrate, which he never did anything to merit, and which his weakness and imbecility brought into contempt. Without the antecedent of a single word or sentence worthy of remembrance; without the credit of a solitary act of public utility, or calculated to augment the national reputation; with talents equal, at the most, to the administration of the petty details of a justice's court, this man nevertheless, through the machinery of party, and by elaborate intrigue, and "booming an' boing," became President of the United States. As such he allowed treason to be hatched in his Cabinet, permitted the public revenues to be filched on every hand, paltered when he should have commanded, sacrificed his own honor which was little, and the nation's which was great; fasted and prayed when he should have eaten well and acted decisively, and handed over to his successor a government practically dismembered, tainted with treason in every department, rotten with corrupt practices, with its power contemned, its authority defied, bankrupt in credit and impotent in force—this man to whose incapacity and weakness, not to say complicity, a suffering nation is principally indebted for all its present discredit and its present danger, this man, restless of the obscurity in which he has been fortunate in finding a refuge from a nation's active scorn, has the impudence of obtruding his offensive name before the world, in connection with a letter on the war—a patriotic letter forsooth, just as if the war were not a bantling of his own nursing, and a not unnatural consequence of electing a Buchanan to the office of President of the United States! We print the letter, in the devout hope that its phraseology may induce somebody to think better of the writer than he deserves, and with a still profounder hope that the name of that writer will never again offend the public ear in any connection:

WHEATLAND (near Lancaster), Pa., Sept. 28, 1861.

DEAR SIR—I have been honored by your kind invitation, as Chairman of the appropriate committee, to attend and address a Union meeting of the citizens of Chester and Lancaster counties, to be held at Hayesville on the 1st of October. This I should gladly accept, proceeding, as it does, from a much valued portion of my old Congressional district; but advancing years and the present state of my health render it impossible. You correctly estimate the deep interest which I feel, in common with the citizens who will there be assembled, in the present condition of our country. This is indeed serious; but our recent military reverses, so far from producing despondency in the minds of a loyal and powerful people, will only animate them to more mighty exertions in sustaining a war which has become inevitable by the assault of the Confederate States upon Fort Sumter. For this reason, were it possible, waiving all other topics, I should confine myself to a solemn and earnest appeal to my countrymen, and especially those without families, to volunteer for the war, and join the many thousands of brave and patriotic volunteers who are already in the field. This is the moment for action, for prompt, energetic and united action, and not for the discussion of peace propositions. These we must know would be rejected by the States that have seceded, unless we should offer to recognize their independence, which is entirely out of the question.

Better counsels may hereafter prevail, when these people shall be convinced that the war is conducted not for their conquest or subjugation, but solely for the purpose of bringing them back to their original position in the Union, without impairing in the slightest degree any of their constitutional rights.

While, therefore, we shall cordially hail their return under our common glorious flag, and welcome them as brothers, yet until that happy day shall arrive it will be our duty to support the President, with all the men and means at the command of the country, in a vigorous and successful prosecution of the war. Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.—We are glad to learn that the Hon. E. G. Squier, formerly our Minister to Central America, and the author of a work on that country, as well as several volumes on American Antiquities and other subjects, has become the editor of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. From the great activity and enterprise of Mr. Squier, his varied acquirements as a scholar, and his facility in writing, he cannot but prove a great acquisition to Mr. Leslie's widely known and popular journal.—*Providence (R. I.) Daily Journal*.

BLANKETS WANTED FOR OUR SOLDIERS.—The Quartermaster-General has issued the following appeal:

"The troops in the field need blankets. The supply in the country is exhausted. Men spring to arms faster than the mills can manufacture, and large quantities ordered from abroad have not yet arrived.

"To relieve pressing necessities, contributions are invited from the surplus stores of families.

"The regulation army blanket weighs five pounds; but good, sound woolen blankets weighing not less than four pounds will be gladly received at the office of the United States Quartermasters in the principal towns of the loyal States, and applied to the use of the troops.

"To such as have blankets which they can spare but cannot afford to give, the full market value of suitable blankets, delivered as above, will be paid.

"M. C. MEIGS,
Quartermaster-General United States."

GENERAL WOOL has released the 150 prisoners at the Rip-Raps en route for Tortugas, for mutiny, and ordered them to Newport News, to be mustered into a New York regiment.

RUSSELL AGAIN.—The American correspondent of the *London Illustrated News* of the World has the following reference to Mr. W. H. Russell, L.L.D., etc., of the *London Times*:

"The opinion exists widely here that the doctor is a partisan writer, who knows just what kind of articles are wanted by the community for which he writes, and which he is willing to furnish without much respect to facts. So

this as it may, it is certain that he has misrepresented this country, both North and South. He gave you a description of the Bull Run fight, but little of which he saw, having shown his own bravery by running away faster than any of the panic-stricken soldiers. The Northerners do not deny that they were beaten most shamefully, but Dr. Russell makes the worst of it by describing things which he did not see, and coloring his picture by his own fears. The English public must take his letters with some grains of allowance."

TAMMANY HALL.—Tammany Hall has repudiated the action of the late Democratic State Convention as being of the "Peace" or "White-feather" order, and comes out squarely for the war, and the armed vindication of the Federal authority throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. The following is one of the resolutions recently adopted by the General Committee:

"Resolved, That there is now but one question to be considered and but one object to be accomplished—the restoration of the national authority throughout the whole length and breadth of the land by the force of the national arms—and that so long as hostile forces remain in the field, seeking the destruction of the Union, this position must and will be resolutely maintained by every true-hearted man."

NORTH CAROLINA.—It will be remembered that the Raleigh (N.C.) Register published a mysterious paragraph concerning the effect of the announcement of the capture of Forts Hatteras and Clark on the Legislature of North Carolina, then in session. It said: "We forbear, for the credit of the State, to describe the effect produced in the House of Commons by the reading of the dispatch." We now learn from persons who were present, that when the capture was announced in a communication from the Governor, the Union members rose in their places and cheered and swung their hats, and were so noisy in their rejoicing that all business was for the time suspended. The same feeling, it is said, pervaded a great part of the State. Thousands on thousands rejoiced over the success of the flag of their fathers.

THE GARIBALDI HUMBUG.—It has turned out just as we predicted last week. All Europe is on a broad grin over Mr. Minister Sanford's post-haste and express steamer visit to Garibaldi, with propositions to enter the American service. Never for an instant supposing that a mere itching for notoriety could induce a Minister resident in Brussels to vacate his post and rush madly across Europe into the Mediterranean, the European press has naturally enough taken the act of a fussy subaltern for that of the Government, and treated it accordingly. Their comments on the procedure vary with their intensity of dislike to this country. The *London Times*, more malignant than the rest, states that President Lincoln, "depriving of native genius and enterprise, has actually sent to Garibaldi to take the post of Commander-in-Chief of the American armies," and adds, "that it costs an effort to take in the extravagant and humiliating character of this proposal!" The *London Herald* holds similar but less offensive language. It says:

"The whole army of the North is, in fact, dishonored by the advances that have been made to Garibaldi; and the terrible humiliation which Mr. Seward has broached, sinks in a insignificance compared with the deathblow dealt by this grandiose and self-conceited politician at the price and self-consciousness of every courage in the Cabinet at Washington upon Generals and soldiers."

These remarks would be fully justified if the alleged approaches to Garibaldi were indeed made under the instigation or sanction of the Government or any of its members. We can conceive Mr. Seward guilty of almost any folly, after the silliness of his letter about the "Special Correspondent" and the probable circulation of the *London Times* in America, but this Garibaldian exploit is Sanford's alone. After chartering the steamer *Dante* for 2,500 francs, plus the cost of telegraphing the fact from Genoa over all Europe, it is unfair not to give him the undivided glory of having practically published to the world that Americans cannot fight their own battles, and that American officers are incapable of leading their own armies!

HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861, No. 9.—No. 9 of this great historical work is just out, containing 30 engravings, embracing views of Forts Hatteras and Clark, together with full descriptions, and a complete résumé, documentary and detailed, of the state of affairs in Kentucky. This is the only work published which treats of current war matters in a consecutive and completely intelligible manner. The subjoined, from the *Illinois Weekly Gazette*, is one of a hundred similar tributes of praise from the press of the country:

"We have several times alluded to the beautiful work now in course of publication by the indefatigable Frank Leslie, which is designed to be preserved as a History of the present war. The cost of the work will be trifling, when compared with the great value which will attach to such a record of the present times in future years. No history which will be written in the future can compare with one compiled now, when all the incidents and particulars of the campaign are fresh in the minds of all. And then the faithful illustrations embodied in the work now being issued by Leslie are such perfect mirrors of the scenes as they occur as essential facts and documents connected with the present era in our national affairs, as well as biographies of the 'Men of the Times,' statistics bearing on the question at issue, and 'Scenes and Incidents,' illustrating the spirits and established literary and scientific reputation (Hon. E. G. Squier) whose name is a sufficient guarantee for judicious selection and accuracy. The price is only 25 cents a number—a trifling sum for 30 magnificent engravings, and an amount of reading matter equal to a large duodecimo volume."

"SMALL FAVORS THANKFULLY RECEIVED."—The *Richmond Dispatch* of the 23d has this announcement:

"Prince Polignac, of France, has received an appointment upon General Beauregard's staff, with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. He is a grandson of the famous Prince Polignac, who was imprisoned at Ham for his fidelity to Charles X. He is reported to be in close communication with Louis Napoleon, and upon terms of intimacy with Count Morny. He comes highly recommended by our friends in Paris. He is about thirty years old, and exceedingly plain and unpretending. His family has enjoyed the title of Prince for 500 years."

This Prince Polignac is simply a titled "loafer," without means, dignity of character, or a single trait natural or acquired to command respect or credit. He was associated with that French impostor, rejoicing under the abdominal name of Bely, who, some years ago, got a grant for a ship canal through Nicaragua, and succeeded in obtaining a notorious notoriety in consequence. He is a fit accession to the rebel army; but if his associates have any money in their purses they had better mind the stereotyped railway depot injunction, "Look out for Pickpockets."

STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.—The telegraph of the 5th gives this: "One of the leading Regular Army officers in the Quartermaster's Department is found to be dishonest, and will be removed. This will make some stir among some contractors."

That only one Quartermaster should have been found out is indeed remarkable. He ought to succeed the "What Is It?" at Barnum's, under the title of "Who Is It?" But official delicacy forbids the publication of the name of this unique delinquent.

QUITE A MISTAKE.—Gov. Olden, of New Jersey, has published an appeal to the people in favor of a subscription to purchase 10,000 India-rubber blankets for the troops. Now, if the Government cannot find the gallant men who are risking their lives for the Union with camp equipages, without an appeal to public charity, which may or may not be successful, the sooner a more patriotic Cabinet is substituted for the present men the better—or let us give up the contest. Surely the Secretary of War, or Mr. Thurlow Weed, has some friend who has some India-rubber blankets on hand.

THE "COTTON QUESTION" IN CUBA.—The cultivation of cotton has begun to occupy considerably the attention of landowners throughout the island of Cuba. It appears from the Havana papers that old worn-out coffee fields, which have been used as mere cattle enclosures, are sought after by speculators for the purpose of converting them into cotton plantations, and the prices of these lands have suddenly risen to a very high figure. There are already three cotton plantations in the immediate neighborhood of Havana, and the mania for the enterprise appears to be considerable in that city.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY.—This interesting Magazine, which has now entered into the fifth year of its existence, has lately had so many attractions added to its pages, that it cannot fail to become more and more the Family Magazine. It has also one department so admirably conducted as to give it a peculiar recommendation to the female heart. We mean its *Gazette of Fashion*, which is indispensable to the boudoir. This department is conducted by one of the acknowledged leaders of fashion, whose literary taste is only equalled by her knowledge of *la mode*. The present number contains a most beautiful colored steel plate engraving of the fashions for October—and 41 fine engravings, illustrating Romances, Tales, Articles, Historical, National, and other departments of literature. There is also a compendium of needle-work, with patterns for the palace and the cottage. There is more actual reading matter in *Frank Leslie's Monthly Magazine* than in any other now published.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Gov. MORGAN, of New York, has designated Thursday, November 28, as a day of praise, thanksgiving and prayer.

THE United States Marshal has been purchasing an extensive kitchen range for the culinary department of Fort Lafayette, as there is every probability of a large number of boarders occupying that marine residence for the winter.

THE allies of the Southern rebels in order of importance are the Devil, the *London Times* and the Indians.

THE Confederates have denied losing any men in the skirmish at Lewisville, before Washington, on the 25th September, but the tombstone of a new made grave at Falls Church reads as follows: "W. L. M. N. Scraggs, Butler Guards, 2d Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, killed at Lewisville, September 25th." Others, it is known were also killed at Lewisville, but the body of Scraggs was the only one buried at this place.

THE English newspapers almost weep over the "horrible anarchy and disorder which rule in the streets of New York," and all our Northern cities. According to their statements, nothing but starvation, universal rapine, and the "daily impressment into the army of respectable citizens," are common scenes in Broadway.

THE associated banks of New York, Boston and Philadelphia have guaranteed the second installment of the popular loan, and have, in effect, taken the whole \$150,000,000 off the hands of the Government.

THE work of mounting guns on the fortifications around Cincinnati has commenced. One 24-pounder and two 32-pounders were put in position on the 1st inst. on Price's Hill.

250 Federal prisoners were sent from Richmond to New Orleans on the 24th ult., and 100 had arrived at Richmond on the 20th.

TOBACCO, valued at \$350,000, belonging to August Belmont, of New York, has been confiscated at Richmond.

THE hospitals at Richmond contain over 12,000 patients.

HENRY MAGRAW, who went to Manassas for the body of Colonel Cameron, returned to Fortress Monroe on Thursday, under a flag of truce, with 50 refugees, who were returned for not having the requisite papers.

THE Government is now organizing, and has, perhaps, partly despatched several military and naval expeditions against the South, employing in the aggregate about 150,000 men and 8,000 ships of war and transports. With this large force the Southern cotton crop will be seized at the different depots, when it is ready for market, and the Government will have about 2,000,000 bales by the 1st of January next for export to England and France. There is no necessity, therefore, for European nations to quarrel with us about the cotton supply. We shall be ready to let them have all the cotton they want by the time they require it.

THE Washington correspondent of the *World* paid a visit to the posts lately held by the rebels, on the other side of the Potomac, and gives an amusing account of what he saw. The walls of a farm-house, which had been used as officers' headquarters, was covered over with specimens of Southern wit and orthography. He says that, "in sundry places they had varied the whiteness of the cottage walls with highly-colored portraits of the Secession flag, inscribing thereon the martial legend—'Death Before Dishonor, Death to Defeat!' Another genius, emulous of still loftier results, and wont to quaff the clear Castilian fount, gushes with a kind of Tyrian frenzy:

I will Ete when
I Am hungry I Will drink
when I Am Dry if the Yankee
Dont Kill me I Will Live
till I Dy.

Another genius writes some lines expressive of devotion to Bourbon whiskey and "old Bl."

THE eloquent and patriotic speeches of the Hon. Joseph Holt, recently delivered in the cities of Boston and New York, on the present crisis in the affairs of the Republic, have been published in pamphlet form for gratuitous distribution, at the order of Thomas H. Dodge, Esq., of Washington, D. C.

THE steamer *Fanny*, which has been captured by the enemy, was a small, efficient iron propeller, of slow speed. On the trip from Fortress Monroe to Hatteras, she shipped so much water, and rolled so badly, that it was thought the vessel would capsize and never reach her destination.

FROM Kentucky it is stated that General Buckner, with his rebel forces, would doubtless unite with General Polk, and conjointly make an attack upon Paducah.

THE Superintendent of the Census Bureau has prepared statistics of the arms-bearing population of the State of New York, showing that the number of persons of that class is 766,334, or about one-half that of all the States south of Mason and Dixon's line.

BREADSTUFFS AT CHICAGO.—The following table shows the receipts of breadstuffs at Chicago from the 1st of January to the 1st of October for three years:

	1859.	1860.	1861.
Flour, bbls.....	430,227	389,664	1,088,087
Wheat, bushels.....	5,088,344	9,115,433	11,688,476
Corn.....	4,041,902	14,101,416	21,308,849
Oats.....	670,708	1,181,449	1,122,816
Rye.....	183,896	198,690	807,028
Barley.....	222,404	321,208	364,833

SOUTHERN ITEMS.

THE New Orleans *Crescent* has a letter from Richmond, dated Sept. 18, from which we extract the subjoined: "The Cabinet is now, and has been for some time, divided on the policy of a forward movement of the army of the Potomac. The object of delay appears to arise from an apprehension that an attack upon and the destruction of the capital would thoroughly arouse the North, and would speedily heal all the dissensions which have grown up and are still increasing among the people, upon the necessity of peace or a further prosecution of the war. It is urged that the entire North to a man, with means and money, would flock to the support of the Federal Government, and instead of an army of 250,000 men, we would have pressing down upon us a million of frenzied and revengeful soldiers, ready to butcher, lay waste and destroy. The difficulties which now beset the Lincoln Government in recruiting and filling the regiments now in service would immediately vanish, and the entire North in 40 days would be one immense encampment. Others say the true policy is to await the action of the French and English Governments. Our difficulties may be arranged without further effusion of blood. They desire an onward movement, the capture of Washington, the consequent uprising in Maryland, and the possession of Baltimore for quartering the army in the winter. What course will be settled upon is unknown, or quarters on this side, is also unknown. A few days will determine everything. It is evident that a change has taken place in the councils of the Federal leaders in regard to the next field of military operations, and it is also evident that the authorities here are apprised of this change in the tactics of the Federalists. At this moment large bodies of troops are being sent to the Peninsula from Richmond; 5,000 men and 400 mounted men have been ordered to Yorktown."

Two important accessions have been made to the rebel navy at Mobile, in the shape of a couple of row boats. They are each thirty-seven feet long, nine feet beam and three and a half feet depth of hold. They carry four oarsmen and four officers, and are armed with a howitzer and twenty-four muskets.

A SALE of slaves recently took place at the Brokers' Exchange in Charleston, S. C. We copy the report, with the price that each brought, and add the prices which they would have sold for one year ago:

	1861.	1860.
Male, 16 years.....	\$315	\$600
Female, 45 years.....	315	500
Female, 34 years.....	400	710
Family of six, each.....	408	650

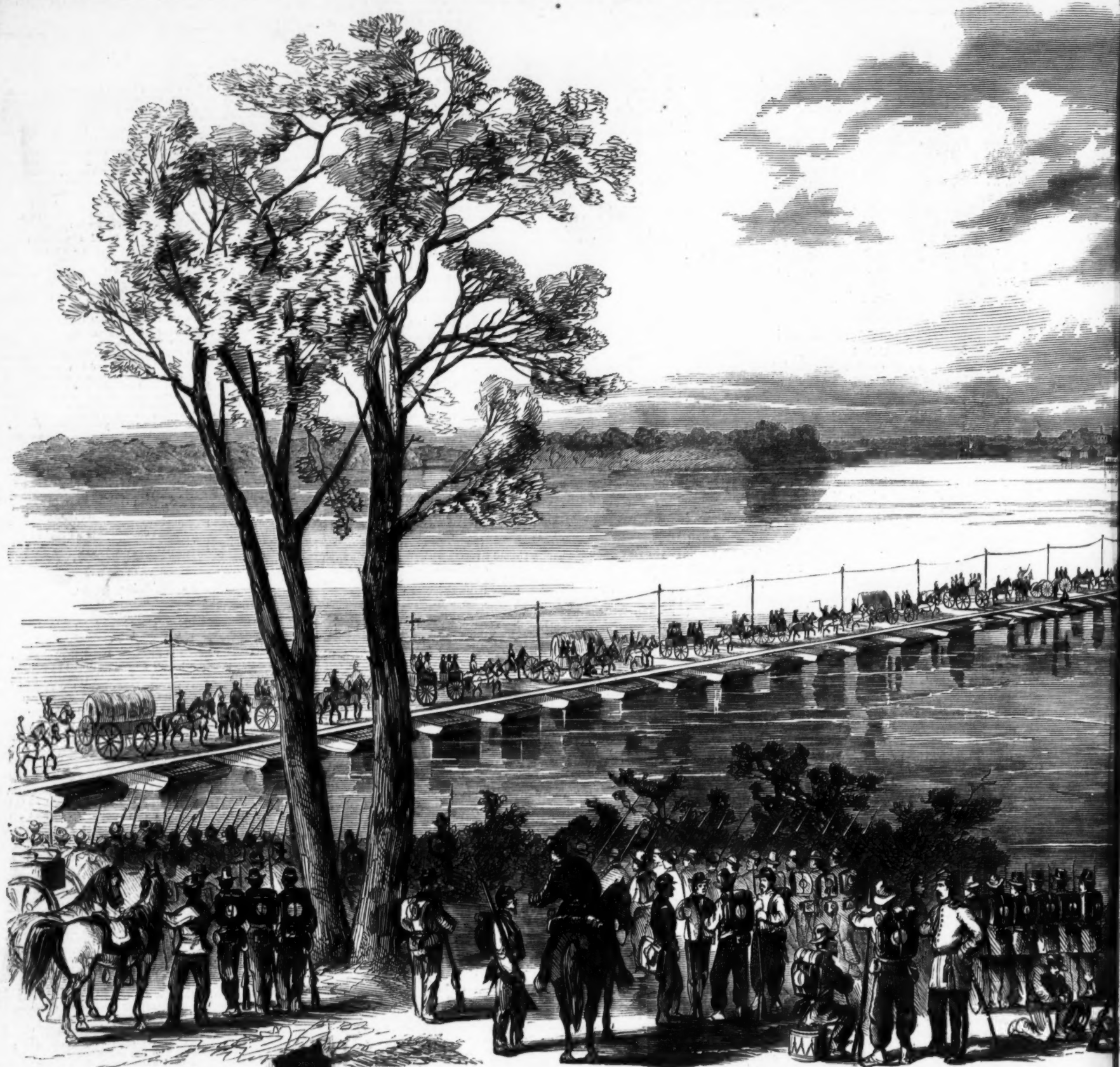
The family consisted of a woman, twenty-eight years old, and her five children.

THE *Richmond Dispatch* says "of all the mean, ignoble, plebeian, coarse, vulgar, low-minded, ungenerous, dishonorable, grovelling, abject, vile, contemptible, despicable, dirty productions, morally and physically, the *Louisville Journal* bears off the palm." The *Dispatch* was once quite a respectable little penny sheet, but Secessionism has turned it sour.

G. W. SMITH, late Commissioner of Streets in this city (New York) having been appointed a Major-General in the Southern army, has been assigned the command of that portion of the forces which was under the charge of General Joseph E. Johnston, who has been promoted to the command of both divisions—Smith's and Beauregard's.

CAPTURE OF A U. S. GUNBOAT.—The propeller *Fanny*, one of the Government gunboats, was captured on Pamlico Sound, by the rebels, on the 1st. She was on her way from Hatteras Inlet to Chincoteague, where the 20th Indiana regiment is encamped, and was intercepted by three rebel tug-boats, which put out from Roanoke Island. She had on board 25 of the Indiana regiment, several of Hawkins's Zouaves, and a cargo of commissary stores, and her armament consisted of two rifled cannons. No mention is made of any resistance on her part, but it is stated that the captain and crew alone escaped. In the absence of any explanation, this may be regarded as a curious and suggestive circumstance.

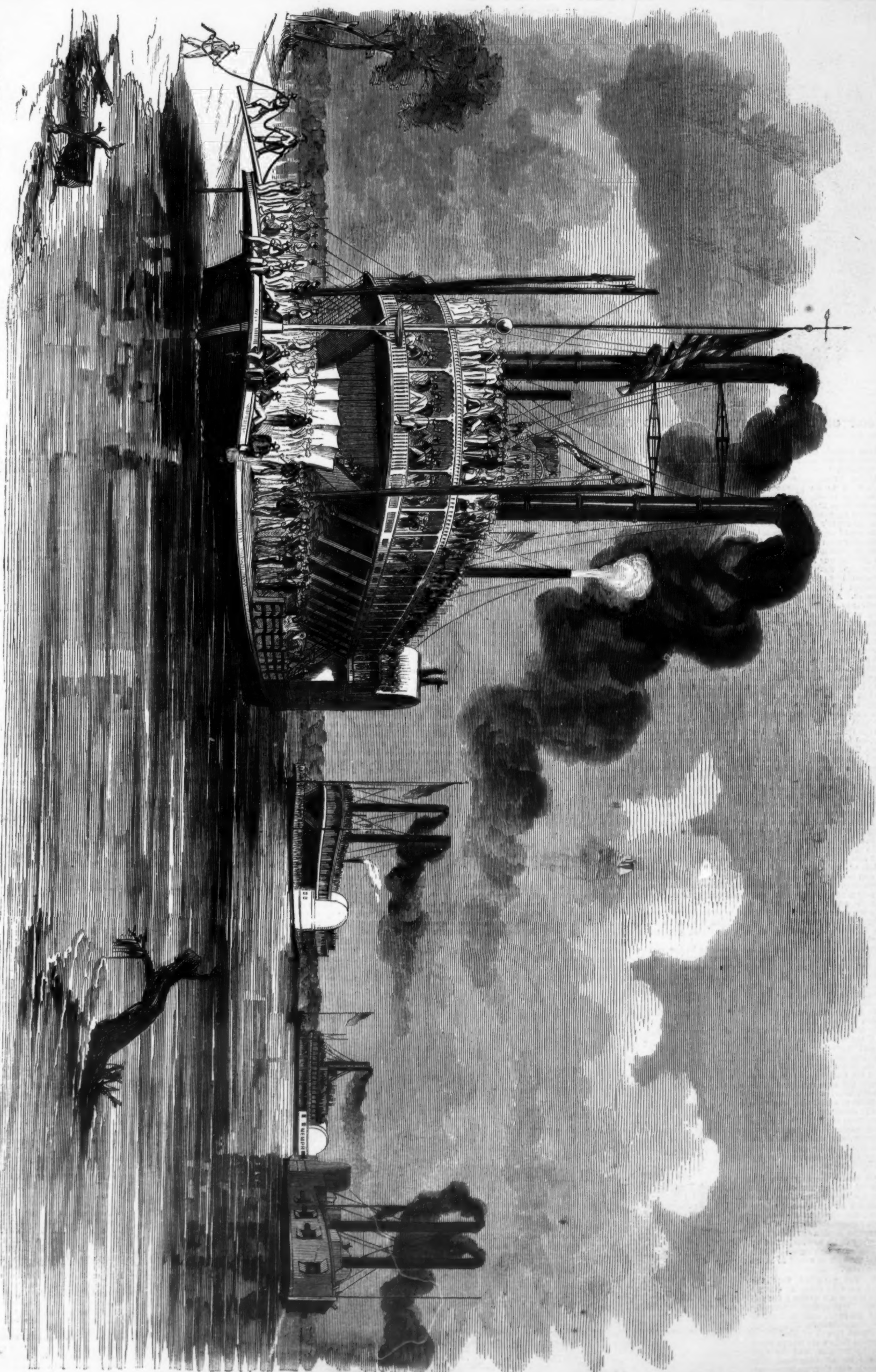
THE new nickel coinage of Belgium, intended to replace the copper coins of 5c. and 10c., are as bright and white as silver. The pieces of 5c., 10c. and 20c., being of the same size as the French silver coins of 20c., 1fr., and 2fr., may easily be mistaken for them.



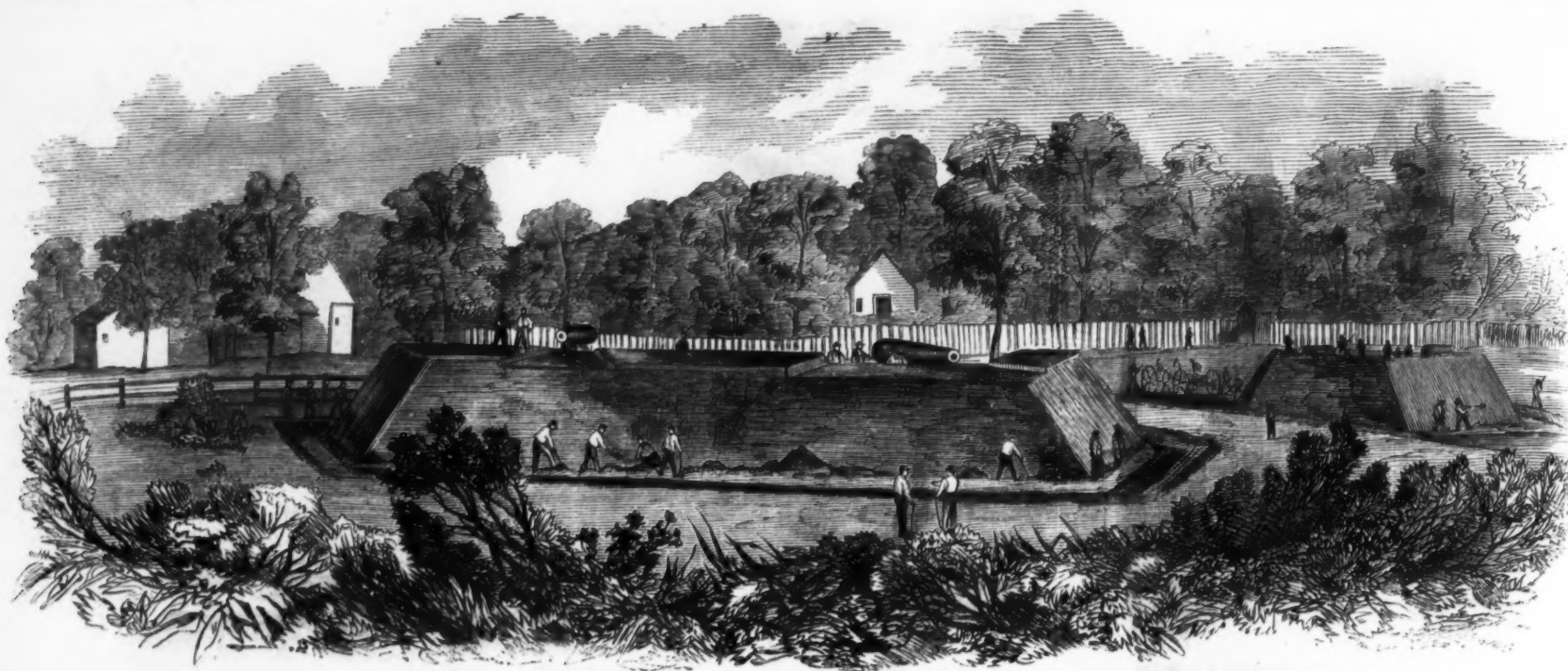
GREAT BRIDGE OF BOATS, A MILE IN LENGTH, RECENTLY BUILT BY THE NATIONAL FORCES, ACROSS THE OHIO RIVER FROM PADUCAH TO



THE INDEPENDENT REGIMENT OF CINCINNATI BUILDING A ROAD ACROSS LOW ISLAND IN THE OHIO RIVER, OPPOSITE PADUCAH, KY., CONNECTING THE TWO SECTIONS OF THE GREAT BRIDGE OF BOATS. FROM A SKETCH BY W. B. M'COMAS.—SEE PAGE 342.



THE NATIONAL TROOPS LANDING ON THE KENTUCKY SHORE, OPPOSITE CAIRO, FOR THE PURPOSE OF BUILDING FORT HOLT, NOW NEARLY FINISHED. ENGRAVED BY OUR ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE DIVISION.—SEE PAGE 337.



EARTHWORK BATTERIES SURROUNDING THE CITY OF PADUCAH, LATELY BUILT BY THE NATIONAL TROOPS IN OCCUPATION.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. R. M'COMAS.

BRIDGE OF BOATS ACROSS THE OHIO RIVER AT PADUCAH.

We have already explained the importance of the town of Paducah, Kentucky, at the confluence of the Tennessee and Ohio Rivers, and the northern terminus of the Ohio Railway. It was occupied by the Union forces under General Grant on the 6th of September. With a view to its permanent usefulness as a base of operations against the rebels at Columbus and Memphis, a flying bridge of boats has been thrown across the Ohio River at this point, connecting across an island in the stream with the Illinois side of the river. At the Kentucky end several earthworks have been erected, commanding and protecting the bridge, which is an example of military engineering unprecedented in the history of this country. The following graphic description of building the bridge, and of the bridge itself, is from our Artist:

"For some time past it has been known to the select few that a bridge was in contemplation, which should span either the Ohio or Mississippi River, but the exact locality was known only to the engineers. A quantity of barges were purchased, with considerable secrecy, at points along the Ohio River, and after being collected at Cincinnati were towed as a fleet, accompanied by a detachment of the Cincinnati Independent Regiment, under command of Peter Rudolf Neff. Those in charge of the expedition were apprehensive of opposition, but the fleet arrived safely at Paducah on the 19th inst. The steamer N. W. Thomas was chartered as flagship, while others followed with coal barges in tow. Captains E. B. Pike and Radnitz, of the Engineer corps, on General Fremont's staff, commanding the expedition.

"At Evansville, Indiana, they were warned of danger at Paducah, but as the place ten days previous had been occupied by Federal troops under General Grant, no fears were entertained as to the success of the undertaking.

"About half a mile below the city is situated the camps of the 9th and 12th Illinois regiments. Here it was decided to construct the proposed bridge, where the river is nearly 6,000 feet from shore to shore. The coal barges are about 22 by 100 feet; these are anchored side by side eight feet apart; in the centre of each barge is erected a heavy trestle work 20 feet in width, over which 12 inch timber are thrown across; these are covered with 3 inch oak plank. The whole is fastened together by wooden pegs, and which can be all taken out if necessary. Across the bridge at intervals of 50 feet are telegraph posts, over which in a few days wire will be put.

"The structure crosses the island called in steamboat parlance the Tow Head, making an entire reach of nearly a mile in length, comparing favorably with the Long Bridge at Washington City. The distance between the Kentucky shore and the island is nearly double that on the opposite side of the island. About half way on either side of the island and between either shore is a draw which consists of two barges, so arranged that in a very few minutes they can be removed and brought back. The time employed in the construction of the bridge was nearly four days, and a great deal of credit is due to the engineers for the energy and expedition with which the whole was accomplished.

"In the stream opposite the city lies at anchor the gunboat Canastota, as if to guard the structure from the least attack, but nothing like this is likely to occur while either gunboat or troops remain in sight.

"Paducah itself is a beautiful town, said to be the most aristocratic in Kentucky. There are many handsome residences. There are, however, very few people remaining in town, all having fled, leaving houses, furniture, etc., at the approach of the United States troops. No crowds of anxious spectators or the playing of innocent children greeted the builders of the bridge, and many of the soldiers in camp in the city were totally ignorant of anything going on. Once in a while a slave may be found whom the master in his haste has left behind him, but such incidents are decidedly rare. One of the buildings on the levee presents the appearance of having seen service on account of the effects of a shell that was accidentally discharged at it. While the gunboat lay opposite the city a hand happened to fire the gun carelessly. The shell struck close to the pavement, going through two or three houses, materially injuring them all.

"All round the city at a distance of one-eighth of a mile apart are breastworks, a sketch of which I enclose. In the foreground are chevaux-de-frise, as guards against infantry. We left Paducah on Monday evening last, expecting to be accompanied by the gunboat Lexington, which caught up with us about 25 miles up the river.

"It was rumored that the enemy were in force at Owensboro, where we arrived the following Wednesday morning about daylight, only to find the town in possession of Union men, the Home Guard of Evansville. Secession flags were waved in our faces by females, and we were insulted on all occasions. The gunboat, with Commodore Foote aboard, has orders to remain anchored in the river opposite the city.

"I send you a sketch of our boys engaged in digging the road across the island. Many of these are returned three months' men; a few were at Manassas."

CULVERT UNDER THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL.

A CONSIDERABLE quantity of the illicit traffic between the sympathizers in Maryland took place through the culvert under the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, near the mouth of Muddy branch, Potomac river. Near the culvert is a mill from which flour was shipped in large quantities whenever the occasion served. These treasonable practices have been entirely broken up lately through the vigilance of the guard placed here. It must be confessed that the Secessionists have evinced great ingenuity and perseverance in the prosecution of their nefarious designs.

PICKET SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON THE POTOMAC.

OUR Artist accompanies the three sketches of incidents connected with the 34th regiment, with the following remarks: "One of the most necessary and hazardous branches of the service is that of guarding our extended lines along the Potomac river. Owing to the numerous fords and ferries by which the rebel forces threaten to cross into and execute the invasion of Maryland, increased vigilance and a strengthening of the picket guard from Fort Washington to Harper's Ferry has been rendered necessary. Some of the picket stations are exceedingly picturesque, and many an exciting as well as amusing incident occurs from the proximity of the pickets of the hostile armies. On one occasion an invitation was extended by a rebel to one of the Tammany regiment to meet him half way and join in a mutual bumper of the inevitable whiskey, which invitation was cordially accepted, and enemy was temporarily dissolved. At other stations the guards relieve the tedium by using each other as conveniences for target practice. Standing by the river bank, the lovely scenery produces upon the reflective spectator the most depressing and saddening sensations. No boats—no life is seen, except here and there a group of pickets, sometimes perched upon a sandbar protected from the weather by an improvised hut of the boughs and leaves of trees. An occasional shot breaks the stillness, but no impression is made on the picket, in whom familiarity has bred contempt."

A CEMETERY AT NEW ORLEANS.

AMONG the most remarkable objects in New Orleans are the cemeteries, a view of one of which is annexed. Each of these silent cities, as Tennyson calls a cemetery, is inclosed with a brick wall of arched cavities, very much resembling ovens, which indeed is the unpleasantly suggestive name they are known by here. These are made just large enough to admit a coffin, and raised, tier upon tier, to a height of about 12 feet. The whole enclosure is divided into plots, with gravel paths, intersecting each other at right angles, and is densely covered with tombs, built wholly above ground, and from one to three storeys high. This method of sepulture is adopted from necessity, as burial under ground is never attempted except in the Potter's Field, where the stranger without friends and the poor without money find an uncertain rest; the soil being so marshy

that the coffin is often lifted out of the water, while its contents are left to moulder beneath the open sky. New Orleans is a strange city, the manners and customs being more French and Spanish than American. It was intended as the capital of the embryo empire contemplated by the traitor Aaron Burr in 1804, a name now far inferior in infamy to that of his brother traitor, Jefferson Davis.

PRESENTATION OF FLAGS.

THE flags presented to the Hiram Barney Rifles, Colonel Kozlay, and the 45th N. Y. V., Colonel Amberg, are fine specimens of workmanship and patriotism, and deserve the gallant deeds which doubtless they will inspire on the field of battle. They are the handiwork of Mrs. Franceska Klein. Our space is too fully occupied to afford opportunity of detail. We must, therefore, content ourselves by recording that the presentation took place in their camp on the Bergen Hills, near Hudson city.

BOMBARDMENT OF GALVESTON BY THE UNITED STATES WAR VESSELS THE SOUTH CAROLINA AND DART.

ON the morning of August 3d the United States gunboat schooner Dart, engaged with the steamer South Carolina in the blockade of the port of Galveston, Texas, found herself within range of the rebel batteries protecting that city, which opened fire on her. She promptly returned the fire, gun for gun, and then drew off to report the circumstance to Commodore Alden, of the South Carolina—there having been a tacit understanding between the blockading vessels and the city that no active operations should be undertaken on either side beyond those absolutely necessary to an efficient blockade. Commodore Alden waited two days for explanations from the shore, but receiving none, he slowly moved from his station towards the city. When within reach of the batteries he was also fired on, and immediately returned the fire. Shots were exchanged for nearly half an hour, with no damage to the steamer. Among the idlers who had gathered on the shore one was killed and several wounded. Finding that his fire was likely to prove destructive to the town, Commodore Alden withdrew, having administered a warning against any future unprovoked aggression on the part of the rebels. The foreign Consuls resident in Galveston subsequently got up an impertinent "protest" against his action, on the ground that no warning had been given of his attack—to which Commodore Alden replied by a statement of the facts, concluding with the pertinent remark that those who open hostilities are presumed to have considered the probable consequences, and to have themselves given the appropriate notice to "non-combatants, women and children."

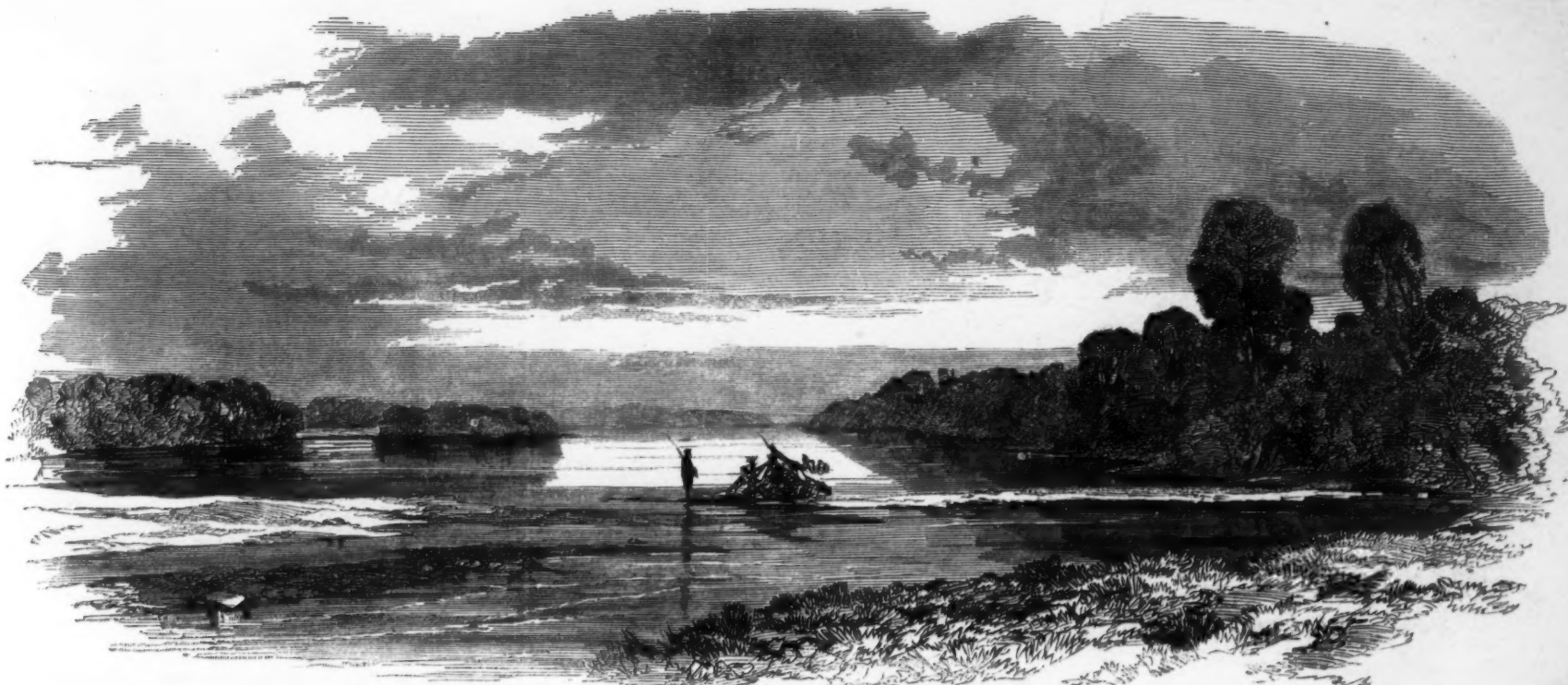
THE SIEGE AND BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

Colonel Mulligan's Heroic Defence.

WE give to-day an interesting sketch of the battle of Lexington, made by the special correspondent of the N. Y. Daily Times, whose enterprise was so deservedly eulogised in the editorial columns of that paper on the 3d inst. We regret that our limited space will not allow us to give in full his admirable description of the march of General Sturgis, who was sent by General Fremont with 1,200 men to drive away General Price and 26,000, who were then besieging Colonel Mulligan and 2,500 men at Lexington. It is due to our Artist to say that his description is fully equal to those of the far-famed Russell of the London Times. We will briefly epitomise his narration. On Tuesday, the 17th of September, the New York Times correspondent, who was also our Artist, left Macon City, Missouri, with the Ohio 27th and a portion of the Ohio 39th, on their route to Lexington. Their first mishap was the detachment of the car which contained General Sturgis, his staff, etc. The sagacious engineer discovered his loss ten miles off, and returned for the missing car, which then rejoined the train. At Utica, General Sturgis and his force left the cars, and prepared to march the 40 miles intervening to Lexington on foot. Wagons were hired, and the toilsome march commenced. Ten miles were made the first day; the men camping on a prairie; on Wednesday, at daybreak, the march was resumed, and about 10 o'clock the wind bore to their longed-for ears the reports of a terrific cannonading in the direction of Lexington. The men made renewed efforts, the sound of battle growing stronger on their ears. But the sun was overpowering, and, after a harassing march of 15 miles, a halt was called, and the men were camped. The sound of cannon was heard constantly. At one o'clock on Thursday morning the march was resumed, and five miles more were accomplished, bringing



CULVERT UNDER THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL, NEAR THE MOUTH OF MUDDY BRANCH, THE CONFLUENCE OF THE POTOMAC RIVER. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, TAKEN ON THE SPOT.



PICKET STATION OF THE THIRTY-FOURTH N. Y. REGIMENT, AT WHITE HOUSE FORD, ON THE POTOMAC RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.

Sturgis within 10 miles of Lexington, when he received the appalling news that the Confederate troops had seized the steamers on the river, and that 3,000 were posted ready to engage him. General Sturgis wisely avoided the trap laid for him, and striking off from the Lexington road, made for Richmond, a town six miles from Lexington, and about the same distance from the Missouri River. It was here that our Artist resolved to march boldly into the enemy's hands for the purpose of seeing the battle. Upon mentioning his intention to some friends, two gentlemen of Richmond offered to introduce him to General Price. They fulfilled their promise, introducing him, however, as a prisoner. He was courteously received by the rebel Price. During the whole of this time the battle raged at intervals, with more or less fury.

On Thursday afternoon the conflict partially ceased, the National forces being nearly exhausted, owing to the rebels having cut off their supply of water. This, of course, put the gallant fellows quite *hors du combat*, and the National officers were unanimous in their desire to surrender. Colonel Mulligan, however, swore that he would fight to the last man. But what Pindar said in his First Olympiad, 2,000 years ago, that "water was the first of elements," was equally true in the days of Mulligan, and the heroism of blood dies for want of water. Soon after dark the Union forces hung out a white flag, and asked permission to bring out their wounded. Two hours were granted them for this purpose, and soon after some 50 or more of the wounded were brought out and quartered on people in town suspected of Union proclivities.

The morning of Friday, the 20th of September, dawned, and the fire was opened with tremendous fury on both sides. About 10 o'clock the Confederates, amid a deafening roll of musketry and artillery, made a rush and drove the Nationals from their outer works, which they took possession of, and thenceforth used them with considerable effect against their late defenders. From this time till three o'clock the fight raged with a fury unequalled—every moment the air was shattered with the sharp discharges of thousands of small arms, through which broke, at short intervals, the massive roar of heavy cannon. At this time the firing suddenly ceased, and on inquiring, our Artist was told that the Union forces had sent in a flag to know upon what conditions they could surrender.

"Unconditional, by G—d, and five minutes to decide in!" was the reply given by General Price, and to this was added the assurance that if any of the prisoners held by the Nationals had been injured, he would hold them to a strict personal account.

The result was that the Federal troops agreed to surrender, retaining their private arms and personal effects. The Confederate troops instantly swarmed into the grounds which they had so long fought to obtain.

Our Artist goes over the Field of Battle—What he Saw.

On Saturday morning, our Artist, accompanied by a member of the Provost-Marshal's Guard, went over the scene of this furious conflict. He says:

"The first thing perceptible is a horrid odor of rotting flesh. In every direction lay horses, bloated to an enormous size, while in front of the building lay 14 bodies of the National soldiers in all the hideousness of death, and in all the noisomeness of far advanced decomposition. All lay upon the ground, a few with their faces covered and their hands folded reverently across their breast; others displayed their stony motionless eyes, lips clotted with gore and ghastly countenances, surrounded by a dark, thick pool of blood that had

welled from a bullet-hole in forehead or heart. In this building were some 60 or 70 wounded, dirty, bleeding, wretched, groaning in agony, covered with flies, dirt and filthiness, and disgusting in every respect to the last degree.

"Passing westward for some 70 yards, I reached the boarding-house, and on the slope, between the buildings, passed seven more bodies. They lay just as

wondered, as I shuddered over this loathsome mass of rotten humanity, whether those swollen lips had ever been sanctified by the kiss of wife or mother, and whether, were either to see him now, they would recognise in those bloated features and swollen carcass the semblance of what was, perhaps yesterday, a loving son or husband.



PICKET STATION OF THE THIRTY-FOURTH N. Y. REGIMENT ON THE UPPER POTOMAC.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.

they fell—one man on his face and knees, and with his hands thrown forward, as if to prevent his fall—all with countenances black and pained with decomposition; and in one case of a soldier who lay with his black countenance blistering in the hot sun, and mocking, with its fearful hideousness, the glorious blue sky that so lovingly bent over us, the worms had already commenced their work, and were crawling in thousands over cheek, lip and forehead. I

"Around on the north side were marks everywhere of desperate fight. Limbs were wrenched off, trees scarred with bullets, the ground ploughed into innumerable furrows, mules, horses and hogs strewn the spot in every direction and poisoned the sweet air of morning with the foul odor of decay—broken wagons, shattered muskets, torn saddles, and a thousand other evidences of the desperate and prolonged struggle were everywhere profusely visible. Here a cottonwood tree, at least twelve inches in diameter, was cut completely off by a cannon shot, while scarcely a tree in the vicinity but was ploughed to its core by some species of the same missile. The beautiful College showed the most evidences of the skill of the Confederate artillery—through every wall and story, and through every room and hall had torn the iron ball, smashing, tearing and destroying, till the once noble edifice resembled an unsightly pile of brick. I may remark here that a good deal of hot shot and other balls were fired into this building under the impression that it contained the magazine of the National troops—a mistake, however, as the ammunition was safely protected beneath a heavy covering of sods and earth. In this building, too, were wounded, in a little, and but little, better condition than those in the Seminary. I may as well say here as in any other place, that the condition of the wounded and the neglect to bury the dead reflects a good deal of discredit upon the humanity of the National officers. Who will risk his life in battle when he knows that he will be left like a hog—left to rot—an object of disgust and loathing alike to friend and enemy?"

SCRAPS.

"Jim, I believe dat Sam's got no truth in him." "You don't know, nigger; dere's more truth in dat nigger dan in all de rest on de plantation." "How do you make dat?" "Why, he never lets any out."

A MODERN philosopher says: "To stir the fire perfectly requires the touch of a sculptor, the eye of an architect, and the wrist of a dentist."

WHY is the letter "o" the most charitable letter in the alphabet? Because it is found oftener than any other letter in "doing good."

"PATRICK," said a judge, "what do you say to the charge—are you guilty or not guilty?" "Faith, that is difficult for your honor to tell, let alone myself. Wait till I hear the evidence."

"ALTHOUGH you count yourself a brighter fellow than I am, yet I can come round you," as the earth said to the sun.

ELDERLY unmarried ladies are considered by some persons the least available of all kinds of waiting maids.

'CUTE ANSWER.—"William," said a teacher to one of his pupils, "can you tell me why the sun rises in the east?" "Don't know, sir," replied William, "except it be that the 'east makes everything rise." Teacher fainted.

"WHAT is the reason that your wife and you always disagree?" asked one Irishman of another. "Because we are both of one mind. She wants to be master, and so do I."

"COLONEL W.—is a fine-looking man, ain't he?" said a friend of ours the other day. "Yes," replied another; "I was taken for him once." "You! why, you're as ugly as sin." "I don't care for that; I was taken for him. I endorsed his note, and was taken for him—by the sheriff."

"JAKE," said an old farmer, one day, to one of his mowers, "do you know how many horses there are in a dilemma?" "No," replied Jake, "but I know how many horses there are in a quart of whiskey."



EXCHANGING COMPLIMENTS ACROSS THE POTOMAC WITH THE REBELS FROM A PICKET STATION OF THE THIRTY-FOURTH N. Y. REGIMENT. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL BANKS'S COMMAND.



Colonel Anderson's House.

BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, MISSOURI, FOUGHT 17TH, 18TH, 19TH AND 20TH OF SEPTEMBER, BETWEEN 2,640 NATIONAL TROOPS, COMMANDED BY COL. MULLIGAN, OF THE
DURING THE FIGHT.



Boarding House.

College.

OF THE 23RD REGIMENT IRISH BRIGADE, AND 24,000 REBELS, LED BY GEN. STERLING PRICE, MISSOURI.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. B. WILKIE, A PRISONER IN THE REBEL CAMP
FIGHT—SEE PAGE 342.

FREDERICK L. VULTE, ESQ.

FREDERICK L. VULTE, the popular candidate for the important and honorable office of Sheriff for the City and County of New York, is descended, as his name implies, from one of the old Knickerbocker families, and was born about 40 years ago. Although it is almost needless to praise one in whose favor nearly one-half the New York Directory has lately signed so flattering a memorial as that which recommends him to the public suffrage, yet our portrait would be incomplete without we give our own opinion of the original, who will, beyond a doubt, receive the appointment of Sheriff, a post for which his 20 years experience as Deputy and Under Sheriff so perfectly qualify him. Mr. Vulte has that rare and happy faculty of fulfilling a most unpleasant and responsible office, with so much courtesy and firmness, that he makes all who have any transactions with him his friends. Genial in his nature, and pleasant in his manners, few would realize that in that composed and smiling man they behold one who, despite his 20 years diligent attention to his duties, has stored his mind with a greater amount of useful and scientific knowledge than many professional men possess. In addition to these qualifications as a gentleman and a Christian, he has also that of being a good Union man, and thoroughly devoted to his country, not for the spoils of office, but out of that inherent patriotism which is born with every good man.

ERLE GOWER;
OR,
THE SECRET MARRIAGE.
By Pierce Egan.

CHAPTER LXXI.

It was indeed the form of Lady Maud St. Clair which swiftly and almost noiselessly approached the spot where Erle and old Pengreep stood gazing with awe upon the sad spectacle the antique chest had disclosed to their wandering eyes. She appeared to be hurriedly attired, and was habited in the same dress which she had worn when first Erle met her in this ancient chamber. It was as though on this occasion she had doffed it with some fixed motive.

Erle had but time to motion Pengreep to retire into the deep shadow of a recess, when she reached his side.

She paused as she reached the chest, and her lips moved tremulously, but she could not gather from her imperfect articulation a single word. She appeared to be conscious of the presence of some being, but not of his, for she turned her head slowly, as though she followed with her eyes some moving object, until her face was presented to the antique chest. Then her eyes slowly upturned, until they rested on space above the huge trunk, and there they remained fixed until a soft radiant smile lit up her pale, transparent face.

Then she stretched out her hand towards Erle. Intuitively he took it—how icy cold it was! Her thin fingers clutched his, and she bent her face towards him.



DEPUTY SHERIFF FREDERICK L. VULTE, CANDIDATE FOR THE OFFICE OF SHERIFF OF NEW YORK.

"Kneel," she whispered, sinking at the same moment slowly upon her knees.

Whether he saw aught not usually disclosed to human eyes he never afterwards mentioned, but no sooner had his gaze fastened upon the spot to which hers were turned than the pupils of his eyes dilated, his face grew white as Lady Maud's, large drops of glittering perspiration stood upon his forehead, and his limbs quivered and trembled violently. A feeble cry burst from his lips, and for an instant he looked as if he would fall to the ground in a swoon.

her with a wild and frightened expression. It was only by persevering and earnest efforts that her scattered senses were brought within control.

When she was made to comprehend that Erle had not been murdered; that he was not dead; that it was he himself, real flesh and blood, who stood before her, she burst into tears of unfeigned joy.

"The Lord is bountiful," she sobbed; "He is merciful, He is good. We shall save Lady Maud's life now."

"Not if we keep her here," said Erle, urgently. "Guide me with soft steps

But Lady Maud trembled too, like an aspen, and she drew closer to him, until her weak frame rested against his shoulder. He placed his arm about her waist tenderly, to support her, and he turned his eyes from the spot on which he had been gazing upon hers.

The same radiant smile of felicity curved her small, delicate lips, and seemingly in an ecstasy of happiness, she breathed, in murmuring accents,

"Thine!" "Thine alone, and for ever!"

A plaintive, tremulous voice, ascending from behind him, chanted in sweet and feeble tones,

"By God's holy grace the heir of the race,
The wronged to right,
His own to regain,
In sorrow and pain,
Has fought the fight,
And has solved the Wonder of Kingswood Chase."

At this moment a wild and piercing shriek rang through the still and solemn chamber. Erle hurriedly cast his eyes up to one who stood with extended arms stretched over him, looking spectral and weird like, as of an age long past.

It was Eldra.

But it was not she who shrieked. Erle caught a glimpse of a dark object flitting past him, but he felt the form of Lady Maud quivering and shuddering violently, and he turned his eyes upon her face.

Erle, bewildered, half-distracted, rose up with the inanimate form of Lady Maud in his arms.

"Shall I not call for help?" he cried.

"Be calm—it is at hand. See!" exclaimed Eldra, in a low tone, as she pointed to one who approached them.

The shriek, although it had made the blood of Erle run cold, had no unearthly origin. It had been uttered by Lady Maud's maid Harebell, who, waking while in her lady's chamber, caught a glimpse of her mistress gliding from it. Hurriedly stirring herself, she followed her, and entered the library, to see her kneeling, with her hand clasped in his, by the side of one she supposed to have been murdered, and whose apparition she firmly believed she now saw.

She fell back on to the floor in a swoon, and Pengreep, who caught sight of her advancing in an attitude of terror, heard her scream, saw her fall, guessed the cause, and rushed to her assistance.

He raised her and brought her in his arms to where Erle and Eldra stood, and he whispered,

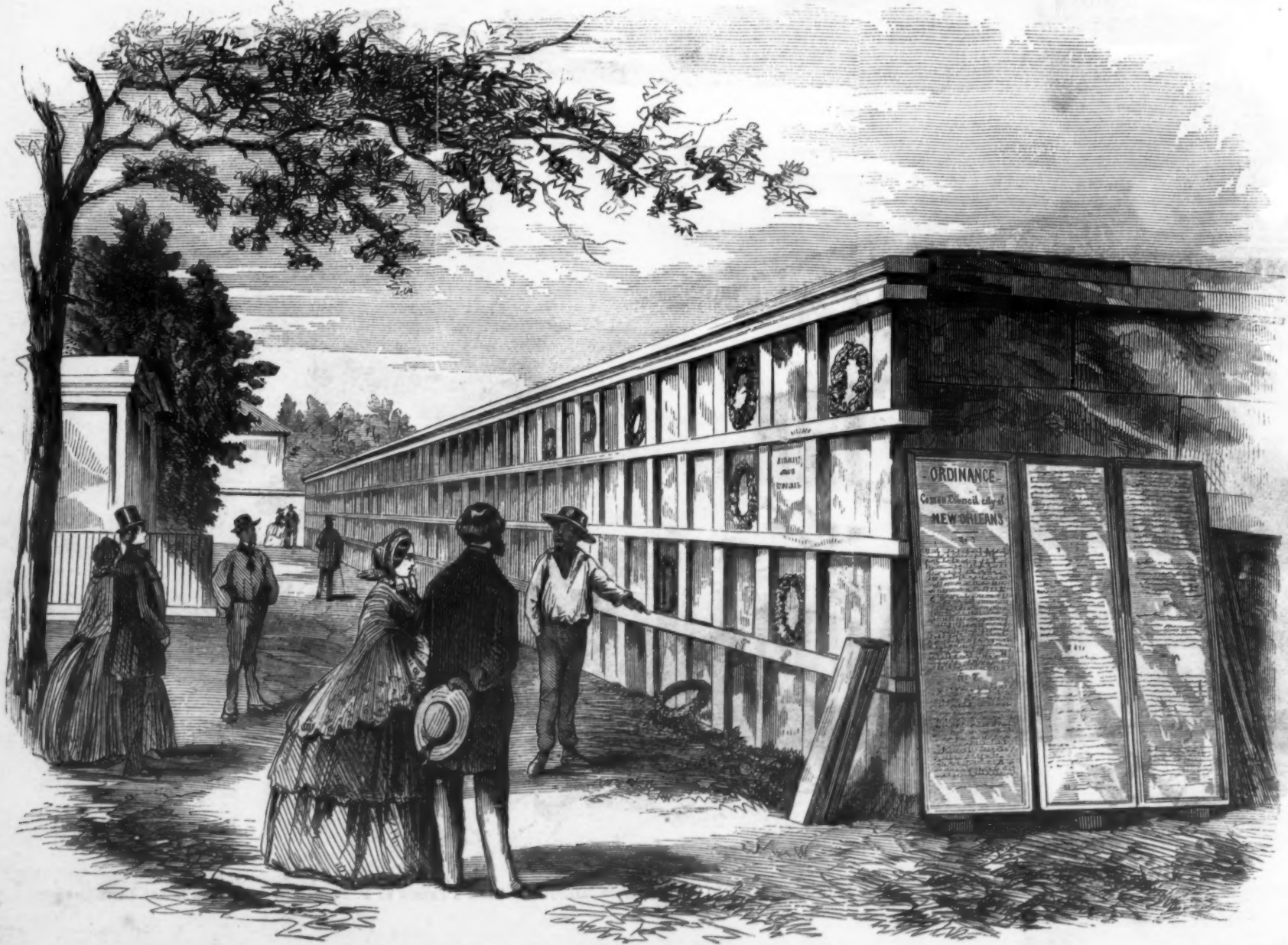
"Don't be alarmed—it is only an attendant. What shall be done? Shall I restore her, or suffer her to remain in this faint until you have conveyed Lady Maud to a place of safety?"

"Restore her if you can," exclaimed Erle, imperatively.

Erle laid Maud's pale, inanimate face upon his shoulder, and folded his arms around her as if to shield her from all possible harm, while old Pengreep produced from a pocket a small phial, with some of the contents of which he moistened the temples and nostrils of Harebell.

The effects appeared magical, for the drug, whatever it might have been, was potent.

Harebell opened her eyes, and gazed about expression. It was only by persevering and earnest efforts that her scattered senses were brought within control.



THE CITY CEMETERY OF NEW ORLEANS.—FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH.—SEE PAGE 342.

her apartments. I will bear her thither, and resign her to your charge the moment that we reach them. Her ladyship has wandered in her sleep hither. Your sudden shriek aroused her; her eyes, on opening, lighted on my face; she recognised it, and the sudden shock of meeting me thus has thrown her into a swoon."

Erie raised Maud tenderly in his arms. She seemed to him no heavier than a child; and blissfully, notwithstanding the circumstances, he bore his precious burden until he reached the door of her apartment, when he gently consigned her to the arms of Harebell, and whispered,

"When she returns to her senses, should any allusion be made by her to her visit to the library, treat it as a dream; but break to her as gently as you can that though wounded, I live; that the clouds which have enshrouded my early life are passing swiftly away, and that sunshine will gladden and glorify my coming day."

Harebell hardly waited to the close of his remarks before she disappeared with her young mistress; Erie gazed to the last upon the marble-pale face, looking so like death, and so beautiful even in that condition. The door shut her from his sight, and he turned and retraced his steps to the library.

When he re-entered it he beheld Pengreep and Eldra standing like grim sentinels each by the side of the ancient black oak chest. They stood as silent and motionless as the painted figures which were placed at intervals down the chamber.

After a brief silence, Eldra slowly raised her hand, and pointed to the still open chest. Addressing Erie, she said, in solemn tone:

"The spirit of the murdered innocent will not slumber in peace while her unburied remains lie crammed within you unhalloved receptacle. The task to see them laid in a consecrated sepulchre, under the sacred ministrations of a holy priest of heaven, is thine. Until then the perturbed phantoms of the slayer and slain will wander in desolate unrest over the places in which during life they loved to roam. Until then the cloud upon the house will frown over its roof. But when that duty has been fulfilled, then the great bell of Kingswood Hall, silent for generations, shall peal forth in grand tones a joyful recognition of the heir of the proud race, which, in glory and in gloom, has carried its destinies through a dozen centuries. In that hour peace will be brought to my crushed heart, the agonies of a long and weary pilgrimage will be brought to a close."

Erie folded his arms across his breast and sank slowly upon his knees. He upturned his eyes to heaven, and ejaculated,

"Have mercy, Father!"

Eldra and Pengreep both simultaneously bowed down upon their bent knees, and muttered, with low but passionate earnestness,

"Have mercy, Father!"

A scarcely audible swelling air of sacred melody seemed to float through the apartment. It was as though the music from some distant chapel had been wafted upon the bosom of a soft wind, and reached their ears ere it had died out.

As it ceased to be heard, Erie rose from his kneeling posture, and motioning to old Pengreep to assist him, he applied his hands to the lid of the chest, restored it to its original condition, and then he locked it, taking possession of the key.

When he had raised Eldra from her crouching posture, he whispered to Pengreep,

"Come, let us away. More here at present we cannot do. I must seek Lord Kingswood."

"I do not object to your seeking Lord Kingswood," he said. "It will be useful that you should do so; however, it will be imperative upon you as a first step to your success, that you should assemble the servants of the household, and proclaim to them your name, rank and rightful claim as heir-at-law to Lord Kingswood."

"There lies one here in a dangerous condition of health," responded Erie, quickly; "by such an act I may occasion a tumult, and her life in consequence may be imperilled; rather than do that, I would, far as I have advanced towards success, forego all and perish in obscurity."

"I do not counsel that you should urge your claim with a violent demonstration; on the contrary, it may be done in the morning within the Hall. It will be enough that you call the people together, and record your claim. You may then depart in peace, and remain so until we have compelled Lord Kingswood to acknowledge you."

Erie, with a slight gesture of assent, moved towards the secret door by which they had gained admittance to the library. Eldra, however, stayed him.

"It will be better that you should for to-night return to the hunting-lodge," she said. "There are subterranean passages which communicate between it and the Hall, the secret entrances to which I am in possession of. By pursuing these passages you will escape observation, and you may then enter Kingswood Hall, in order to assert your right, by the principal entrance, and in the open light of day."

As she ceased speaking, she moved towards the chest, and near to its side she touched a spring; a door, fitting so closely into the wall that its existence was not apparent, revolved inwards, and revealed a flight of steps, the red glare of a torch flamed within, and Eldra, seizing it from where its pointed end was stuck into the ground, led the way from the library.

The way beneath the Chace was long and devious, but at length they emerged within the old lodge, and Eldra conducted them into the room above, in which rested the portrait of Erie, Baron of Kingswood.

Within it, rising up from the floor like a wild beast from its lair, they beheld Tubal Kish.

"Who be'st thou?" he murmured, unheeding the presence of Erie and Pengreep. "Art spectre of race, or be'st the phantom of young squire? One or t'other thou be'st, I know, for the baron who wanders in Chace be dead ages ago, and Philip Avon shot toiler wi' his own han'. I saw 'un do't. Ghost an' ye be, why do ye seek I? What dost want to torture I vor?"

"I am no spectre," said Erie, sternly. "But I am acquainted with some of your misdoings, for which you may expect a fitting punishment, without mercy from my hands. Aye, you and your scoundrel colleague—"

"Hush! hush!" interposed old Pengreep, eagerly. "To make an enemy of this man is folly, to treat him in a kind and friendly spirit will be wise. You know not his origin. When you do, it may alter your views concerning him, and his testimony against Philip Avon will be most valuable. The law treats an attempt at murder with grim severity, and no gentleman would dream of going out with a fellow who endeavored to assassinate him."

"Then he be a ghost?" muttered Tubal Kish, between his teeth.

"No," exclaimed old Pengreep; "but a living, breathing creature like—no, not like you, but yet living as you are, and, like, too, to prove a friend to you."

"A don't want his friendship," the fellow cried. "He gi' me contents of his gun-barrel, an' he broke stock ov it on my head, an' I have 'un, an'—an'—my knife shall do its work better than Philip Avon's bullet, I know."

"Silence, wretch!" exclaimed Eldra, in a fierce tone. She advanced to Tubal, and whispered for a minute in his ear; the fellow started as he listened to her, and gazed at Erie with extended eyes; then he, with a dogged look, but still a more respectful manner towards Erie, moved slowly out of the room.

"You spoke of his origin," said Erie, addressing Pengreep. "Whence does he spring?"

"One of the many deeds of shame and wrong which cling like a pestilential disease to those who bear the name of Kingswood is connected with the origin of you unfortunate wretch," he answered, with a shrug of the shoulders. "His mother was the daughter of a farmer named Kish; his father, the late Lord Kingswood. The disgrace of the unhappy girl being discovered, she was thrust forth from her home. She gave birth to the child in this lodge, but she survived the ignominy but a few months. She found a grave in a pool in the Chace, and her miserable offspring has since lived a vagrant life in the Chace. He clings, therefore, to this place as an animal to the spot in which it is reared, submissive, however, to no law or to no reason, save such as Eldra chooses to impose upon him. He will be a most important witness in your favor, not only against Philip Avon, but as to the establishment of your identity; it will be well, therefore, to conciliate rather than to treat him with harshness."

"The couch which has already offered you rest is still at your service," observed Eldra, eyeing him earnestly. "You will do well to seek it."

"Aye," exclaimed Pengreep, "you will need rest. Be advised—secure it."

In truth he did need it. So recently arisen from a sick bed, his strength was not equal to the occasions which tasked it. He had already overtaxed his strength, and was nigh unto swooning when Eldra first addressed him.

Ten long, dreary days elapsed ere he was again able to leave it. Both Eldra and Pengreep watched and tended him incessantly, until once more he had recovered sufficient strength to enter anew upon his arduous task.

In those ten days old Pengreep had not been idle. He had communicated with an agent in London on matters of his own and Erie's, he had ascertained the particulars of the duel which had taken place between Lord Kings-



FLAG PRESENTED TO THE FORTY-FIFTH REGIMENT, N. Y. V., COLONEL GEORGE VON AMSBERG, WORKED BY MADAME FRANCESKA KLEIN.—SEE PAGE 342.

wood and the Marquis of Chillingham, with the death of the latter, and the absence of the former, badly wounded, reentered in some place then unknown. This intelligence made him the more anxious for prompt action on the part of Erie, for should Lord Kingswood die before he acknowledged Erie's son as his own, it would render Erie's position more painful and complicated than it had yet been. He consequently watched his recovery with great anxiety.

One morning, therefore, old Pengreep having given certain instructions to Tubal Kish, accompanied Erie to Kingswood Hall.

The sky was clear, the sun shone brightly, the air blew freshly and fragrantly, scented with the odor of flowers and blossoms; but although all nature itself seemed to glitter and look joyous, Erie thought the pile of buildings forming Kingswood Hall appeared strangely silent and gloomy. Window-blinds were drawn down, and there was not a domestic or even an animal moving about the place.

It is impossible to conceive the intensity of relief to his mind which he experienced when, drawing near to the Hall, he cast his eyes up to the quarter in which Lady Maud's apartments were situated, and beheld her standing at an open window.

It is certain that Harebell had faithfully executed his injunctions. She had with excellent skill and tact broken to Lady Maud the fact of his existence, and the latter, having a motive now to recover her health, it was astonishing how nature assisted her efforts.

Erie and Pengreep advanced to the Hall, and halted at the grand entrance. Then Erie, with the mien and step of a prince, advanced into the grand hall, and calling to him the porter, he bade him summon his fellow-servants, that they might listen to a communication he was desirous to make to them. The porter eyed him with an expression of amazement; but there was something in Erie's manner which he felt compelled to obey. He rang a bell which sounded through the building, and servants from various parts came hurrying, wondering why they were thus required in the hall.

When they were assembled, the steward and Mrs. Muddlemist occupying prominent places, and eyeing Erie with undisguised surprise, the latter said,

"I am personally not unknown to you all; I am, therefore, pending certain proceedings which may hereafter take place—advised that it is my duty to inform you that I am the eldest son of Lord Kingswood."

A murmur ran through the hall, of astonishment, perhaps, but certainly not of dissent, the remarkable likeness which he bore to Lord Kingswood strongly supporting his assertion.

"Hitherto," continued Erie, "I have remained unacknowledged by his lordship; but the time will shortly arrive when he will be called upon to recognise me, not only as his eldest son, but as his heir. Should his lordship decline, proofs will be then brought forward to support my claim, and possibly the attendance of most of you will be required, not only to speak of my sojourn here, but the claim I now advance."

"Stay!" cried a hoarse voice; "I have something to say on this matter."

And pushing some of the domestics aside, Philip Avon made his appearance. He stared with a ghastly expression of countenance at Erie, as though even yet he could scarce believe his eyes. Yet there was plainly no room for him to doubt them, and keeping down a choking sensation of conscious guilt, he assumed the part of the bully. He had caught a glimpse of Erie as he entered the Hall, and his first impulse was to take to flight, but a controlling power seemed to force him to the spot where he now appeared.

"You Lord Kingswood's son! Bah! You are both liar and impostor, and a petty thief into the bargain."

No further words left his lips, for Erie dashed his fist against them so violently that Philip Avon staggered back and fell.

Before he could arise, old Pengreep gave rapid directions to two men, who at the moment made their appearance within the hall, to secure him. They forced their way to him, and as he arose, each man took him by the wrist and held him firmly.

"What is the meaning of this?" he shouted, struggling violently.

"That I charge you with an attempted murder!" cried old Pengreep, at the top of his voice.

"You lie!" he cried, foaming at the mouth. "Do you know me? I am Philip Avon."

"Aye, the only surviving son of Sir Walter Avon—Black Walter of Hawkesbury—the last, absolutely the last of your race!" cried Pengreep, in a shrill voice.

"Officers, secure him. I give the charge—I will substantiate it!"

"Who is my accuser?"

"I am!" cried Erie, sternly. "Like a common bravo you lured me to a window in the night-time, and you shot me through you killed me not."

"You saw me—you accuse me!" he shouted. "Your word is not worth a worthless fraction. Where are your proofs—dare you to the proofs?"

"They are here!" cried old Pengreep, with vehemence.

"Behold!"

So saying he dragged forth Tubal Kish, who was crouching behind him.

"I saw ye do't, Master Philip—you know't," cried Tubal, in a low, gruff voice; "for ye made I show ye window, and I lay beneath shadow of trees when moonbeams fell on 'young squire's face, an' ye fired right at 'un."

With a mad impulse of passion, Philip Avon threw off the officers, who held him by the wrist, and sprang at Tubal. He seized him by the throat, and, unfortunately for both, the latter had a long, broad wood-knife in his belt, which, in his blind frenzy, Philip snatched out, and buried it thrice to the hilt in his body ere his hand could be stayed.

Another instant, and the officers from whom he had escaped flung him to the ground, wrested the knife from his hand, and in an instant handcuffed him. A groan of horror ran through all assembled, for Tubal Kish uttered but one gasping shriek, and lay upon the stone floor of the hall—dead.

"It is the last fatal blow that will be struck by an Avon upon the body of a Kingswood!" exclaimed Pengreep.

"We have proofs and witnesses here enough now," muttered one of the officers. "This murder will settle all the other questions, whatever they may be."

At this moment Lady Maud entered the hall, and before she could be stopped appeared within the circle formed by the amazed and horrified domestics. She caught sight of Philip Avon's face, convulsed with the wildest passions, ghastly and hideous; and affrighted, she sank to Erie's side, and clung to his arm for support.

Philip Avon, with bloodshot eyes, beheld her act—saw her abhorrent repugnance to himself, and her clinging affection for Erie. He uttered a wild scream of rage and frantic mental agony, and fell back in the arms of those who held him in a convulsive fit.

CHAPTER LXXII.

Erie led Lady Maud gently away from the horrible scene enacted in the hall, and the servants, who watched him with eager and inquiring eyes, appeared to feel that he was entitled to act there according to his will, and to control and command them as their future lord and master. The prompt and natural recognition of his rightful presence there by Lady Maud had, of course, its effect; and as he moved away, leading the young, fair and beautiful girl by the hand, and ascending the staircase with an air of dignity native to his character, there was a spontaneous impulse animating all to raise a lusty cheer in his honor. Nothing but the presence of the dead body of Tubal Kish, and the insensible form of Philip Avon, restrained them.

Leaving old Pengreep to arrange for the disposal of Philip Avon and the murdered man, Erie conducted Lady Maud to her sitting apartment, and there, for the first time, he communicated to her his history, so far as he knew it, and with it laid before her his justification of his claims to her hand.

Lady Maud smiled faintly as he concluded, while a rosy blush mantled to her cheek, and she said,

"I fear me, Erie, if I dare speak the truth, I regard your true claim to my love—my heart, as one purely personal. I loved you without knowing you to be other than Lord Kingswood's 'family secret.' I love you still for what I see in you, and know of you, rather than for what you may prove to be. You are dearer to me as Erie Gower than you will be as Erie, Baron of Kingswood, because now my love makes you my equal; but when you become the proud lord of these vast domains, the claims of simple, loving Maud to your imperial affection may dwarf into insignificance."

When she had recovered from the charming confusion into which his impetuosity had thrown her, she, in her turn, related the circumstances which had since to her knowledge, which went to account in some degree for the present unhappy condition of the Kingswood affairs. Lord Kingswood and Cyril she believed to be in London. Lady Kingswood, of whom she spoke in terms of strong affection, she informed him was missing, and though she could not bring her mind to credit that she was no more, or that she ever would raise her hand against her own life, she was yet greatly disturbed and distressed by her mysterious disappearance and her continued absence. Erie promised her that he would use indefatigable efforts to ascertain what had become of her, and assured her that the first information concerning her ladyship which he was enabled to obtain should be communicated to her without delay.

One more tender embrace, one more loving kiss, one long, lingering look on the threshold, and they parted.

Erie, on descending to the hall, found that old Pengreep had caused the body of Tubal Kish to be removed to a place where it could await an inquest, and Philip Avon was also conveyed from Kingswood Hall to the county gaol, preparatory to the necessary proceedings being taken against him for his crime, committed in the presence of so many witnesses.

Pengreep, pale, but calm and grave, totally unlike his former self, stood silently awaiting Erie's appearance, and when he joined him, he said:

"Reflection has pointed out to me the next and the proper course for you to take will be to present yourself to Horace Vernon, relate all that has happened since you have separated, and what is now your purpose. So much will be but justice to him. Not that I think consideration from you is due to him any more than it is to myself. Horace Vernon obtained possession of you, reared you, and placed you in Kingswood Hall from purely revengeful motives, and no other. He had no tender thought of you or for you. You were used by him alone as an instrument with which to wound the heart of Lord Kingswood and poison his happiness. He has gained his object, and by your aid, though not knowingly or willingly given. I have up to the present time attached myself to you with the sole object of revenging myself upon Vernon, who robbed me of the only being I ever loved. Recent circumstances have, however, induced me to change my views; to acknowledge reverently that it is not man but God who disposes. I had proposed to myself a certain object. I abandon it. I resign myself to the stream of events."

Having procured a carriage, they made their way to Huntingford. Both alighted, but at his wish old Pengreep entered the mansion of Horace Vernon alone, while Erie strolled through the extensive and romantic grounds.

As he wound his way through a maze, labyrinthine shrubbery, he heard voices, and recognised instantly Violet's rich, earnest, trembling notes.

He was greatly anxious to see her, and, if possible, alone. It was this wish which had caused him instantly, though silently, to acquiesce in old Pengreep's proposition to visit Horace Vernon. From what he had fallen from his companion's lips, he guessed that Violet was the daughter of Ishmael, and hence he could comprehend the bitterness of the latter's animosity against Cyril Kingswood, and his stern and determined hostility to an union between him and her.

If he was rejoiced at hearing the voice of Violet, so was he amazed to recognise that of Cyril Kingswood, equally rich, fervent and earnest as that of the lovely young creature he was addressing. Not wishing or intending to overhear what they said, he found himself compelled either to play the part of a listener or forego the chance of seeing Violet for he knew not how long.

He heard Cyril speak to her in impassioned tones, imploring her to reveal to him the mystery of her birth, that he might set all other influences at defiance and unite his fate to hers.

"Oh, Cyril!" she exclaimed, in affright, "you terrify me. Of what dreadful secrets do you speak? What horrible story relates to me?"

Erie stood before them.

"Oh, my brother!" she exclaimed, and rising up, threw herself upon his neck.

Cyril at the same instant rose to his feet and gazed upon Erie aghast.

"Be not alarmed," he said, in a low tone, "but be silent, and listen to me for an instant. Surprised as you are now to see me here, and thus, you will be more amazed at what you must and what you shall hear and heretofore hear."

Violet, companion of my sorrows, the hour of thy happiness and mine is, I trust, near at hand. I am not your brother—but Cyril," he added, "Thou art mine! It will be shortly explained to you that Lord Kingswood wedded my mother before he was united to the present Lady Kingswood," continued Erie, in a low, rapid voice. "Come with me to the presence of Horace Vernon, and he will, more fully than I can, reveal the whole story to you."

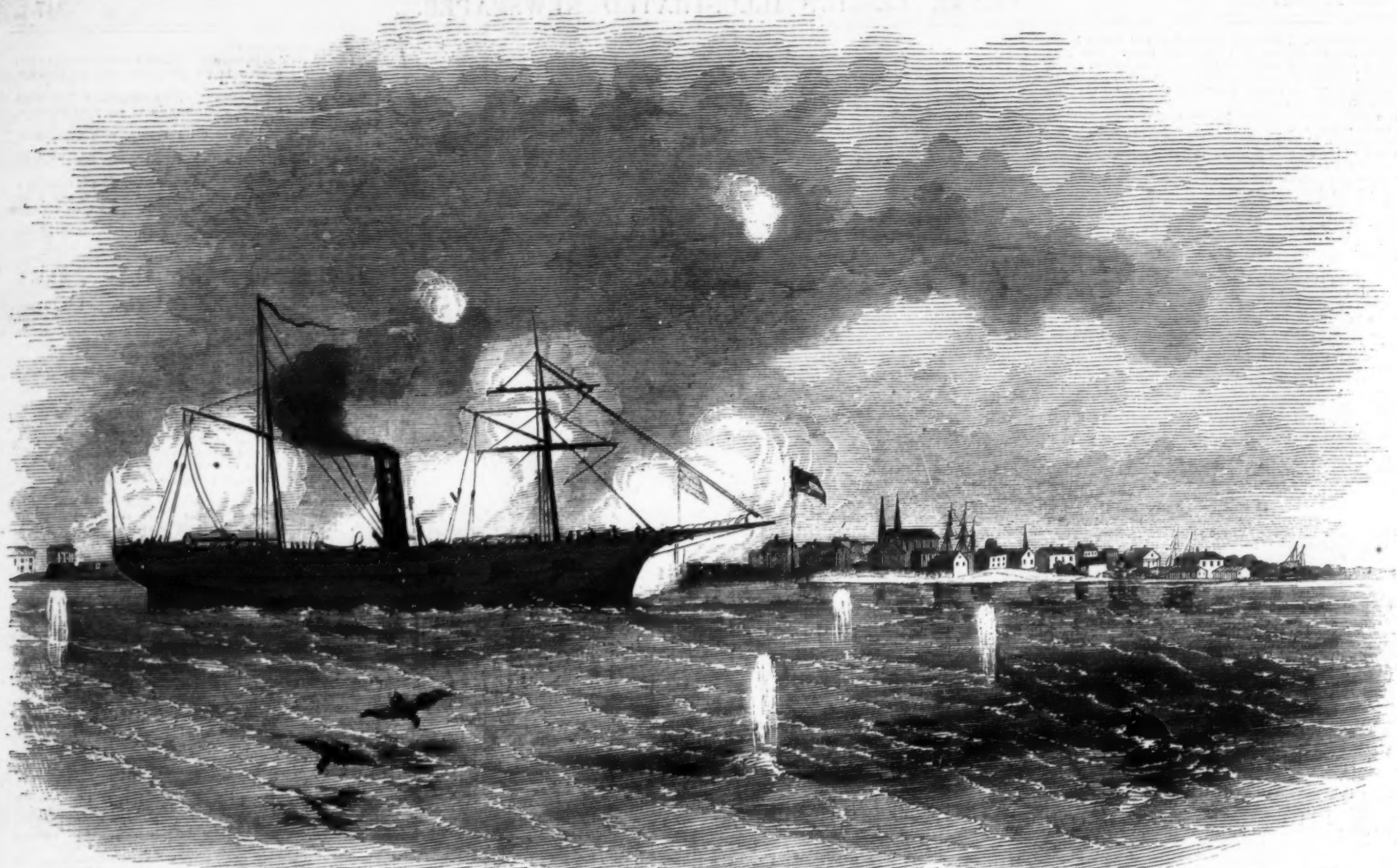
Cyril looked at him bewildered, but as he took the hand of Violet and conducted her—equally astounded at what she had just heard—towards the house, he made no reply, but followed.

As they reached the threshold of the door a pale, careworn, haggard-looking woman tottered up to them. She uttered a delicious, hysterical shriek, and flung herself upon Cyril's neck.

"My boy—my child!" she exclaimed, "at length I have found thee—God has not forsaken me!"



FLAG PRESENTED TO HIRAM BARNEY RIFLE REGIMENT, COL. EUGENE A. KOZLAY, WORKED BY MADAME FRANCESKA KLEIN.—SEE PAGE 342.



SHELLING THE BATTERIES AT GALVESTON, BY THE UNITED STATES WAR STEAMER SOUTH CAROLINA, ON MONDAY AFTERNOON, 5TH AUGUST.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. M. BLACK.—SEE PAGE 342.

It was Lady Kingswood. Cyril hardly recognised her, and Erie was deeply affected to behold her in such a condition. As she had swooned in Cyril's arms, Erie assisted him to conduct her into the house.

Within the hall they found Pengreep and Ishmael about to quit it in search of Erie. Upon the marble face of Vernon appeared traces of recent tears, and his eye, as it bent on Violet and Erie, bore a softer tone. He, as soon as he beheld Lady Kingswood, appeared greatly shocked, and had her at once borne to Violet's apartments, where women attendants could employ restoratives to effect her recovery.

Before it seemed that she had reached the chamber to which she had been carried, she reappeared, and hurrying up to Cyril, caught him by the arm, clung to him, and whispered to him—

"Come, come, let us quit this place, it is no home for us; I have searched for you I feared in vain, but I have found you, and I will leave you no more."

"Nor this roof, Lady Kingswood, for the present," exclaimed Ishmael, in a deep yet trembling voice. "I owe to you atonement. I have wrought you much unhappiness, but so far as I can I will repair it."

"Why do you call me Lady Kingswood? I am not Lady Kingswood. Who should know that so well as you who reared him?"

She pointed to Erie as she spoke.

"You are Lady Kingswood," exclaimed Ishmael, with emphasis, "and have been since Lord Kingswood married you."

Again she pointed to Erie.

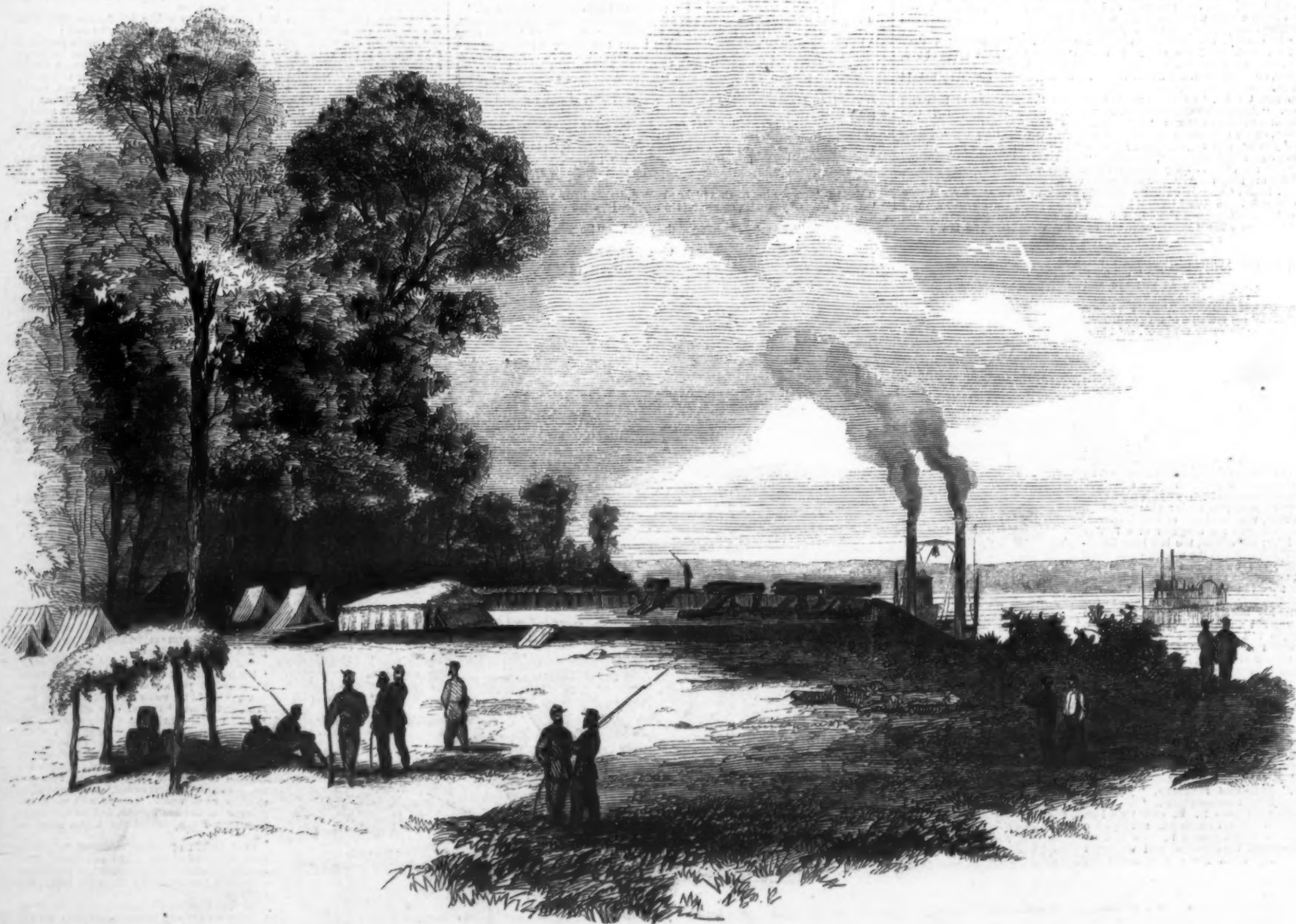
"Who is that boy?" she exclaimed.

"The son and heir of Lord Kingswood," returned Ishmael, "by a lawfully contracted marriage; but the first Lady Kingswood—one beautiful and fair, grievously and wickedly wronged—never bore the title. She died deserted, broken-hearted, just one week before you gave your hand, and doubtless heart with it, to Lord Kingswood."

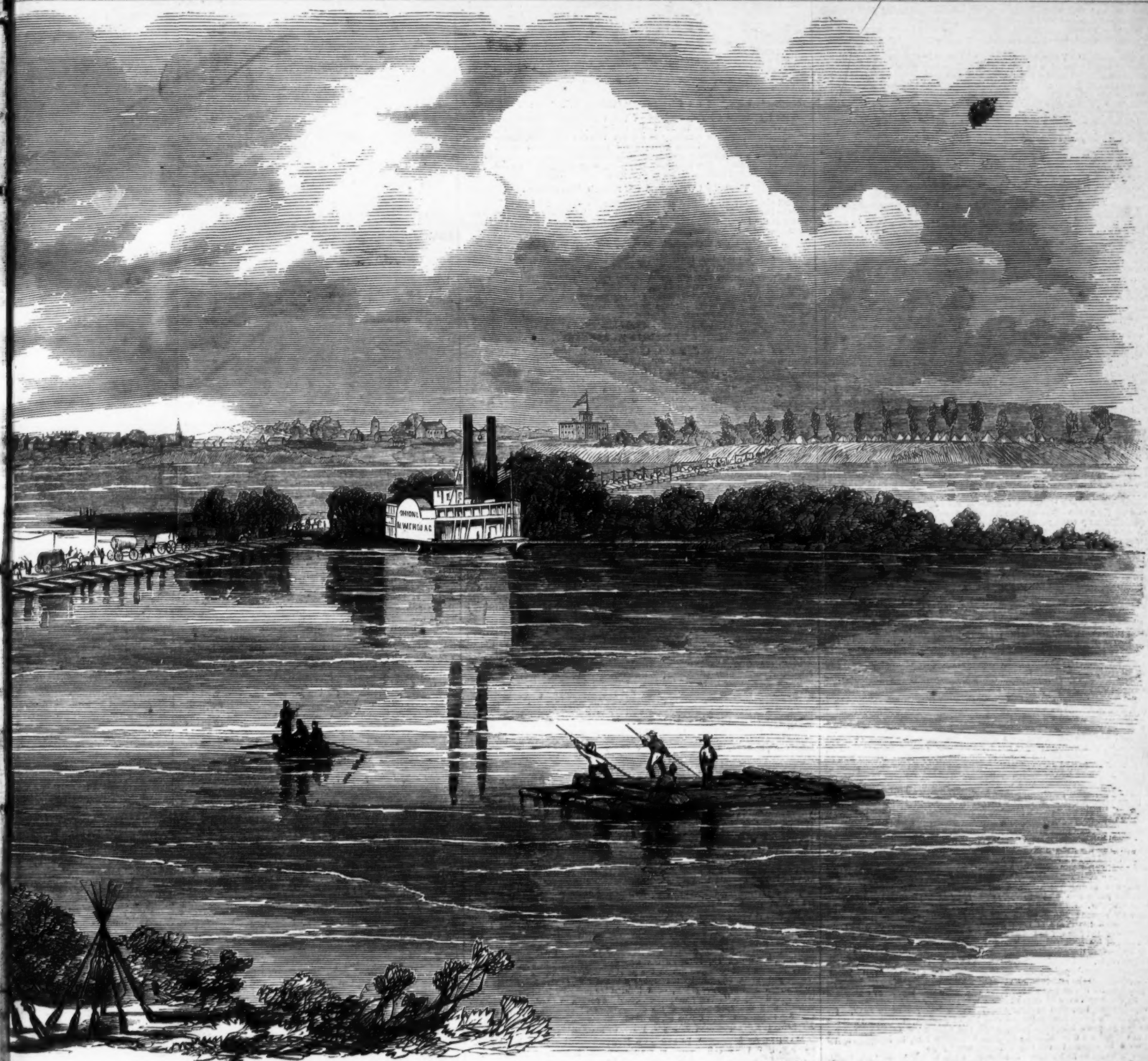
She sought to speak, but she could only gasp and sob passionately, and fall helpless and swooning upon Cyril's neck. In obedience to a gesture, he conveyed her to a chamber where Violet timidly, but affectionately—for was Lady Kingswood not Cyril's mother—sat and watched by her bedside.

In the meanwhile Erie had a long conference with Horace Vernon, during which the latter confessed that he had committed the error of endeavoring to

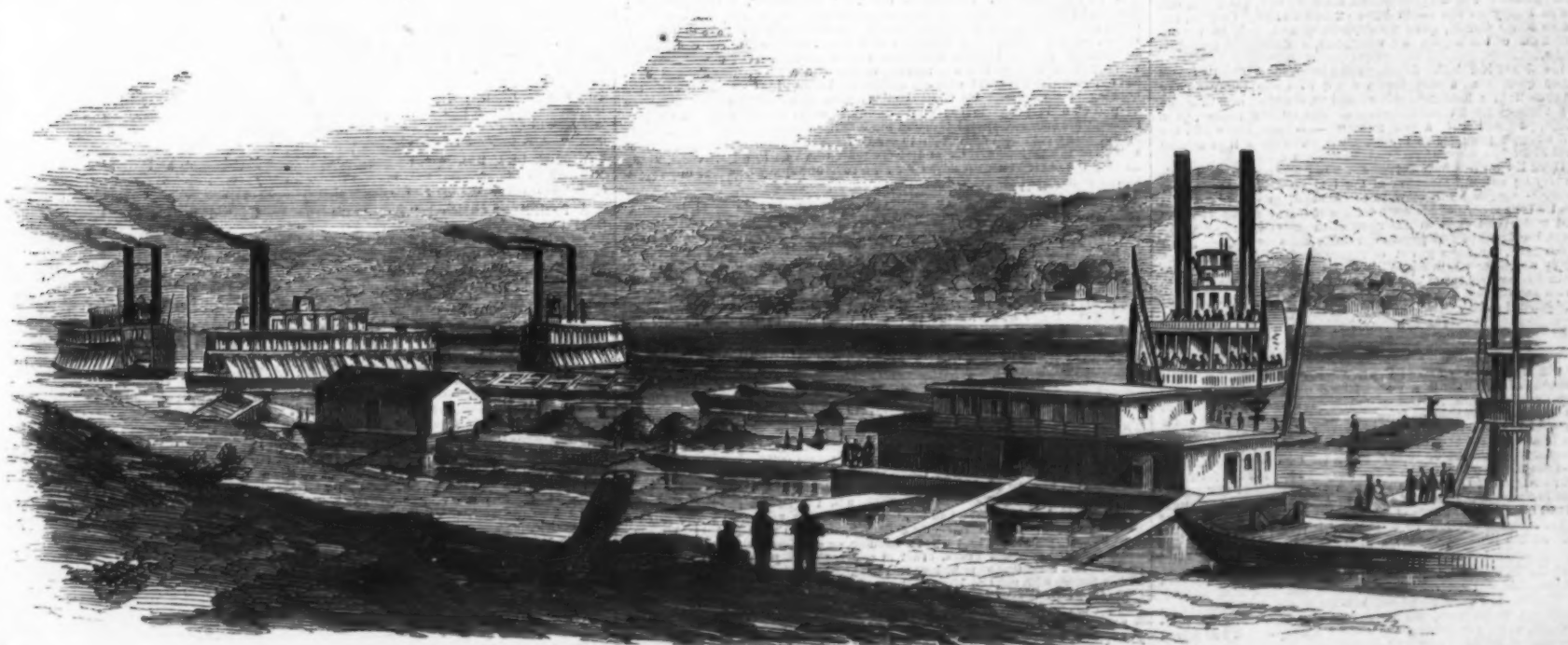
(Concluded on page 350.)



FORT HOLT, RECENTLY CONSTRUCTED ON THE KENTUCKY SHORE OF THE OHIO RIVER, OPPOSITE CAIRO, ILL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CAIRO.—SEE PAGE 342.



THE ILLINOIS SHORE-PASSAGE OF THE FIRST DIVISION OF THE ILLINOIS ARTILLERY AND INFANTRY.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. R. MCCOMAS.—SEE PAGE 342.



WHARF-BOAT AT CARROLLTON, ILLINOIS, OPPOSITE HAWESVILLE, KY.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. R. MCCOMAS.—SEE PAGE 342.

ERLE GOWER.

(Continued from page 348.)

direct events, so that he might at a period settled by himself reap a deadly vengeance down in years long past. He had discovered when too late that he had made the innocent suffer with the guilty, and now he was anxious, so far as he possibly could, to redeem his fault, he was left with but scant means to do it.

He summoned first Violet, and during a grave and anxious hour of revelation, he acknowledged himself to be her father, a confession which he had himself to blame, and he felt it—did not elicit from Violet such an ex. reason of delight as his subsequent announcement that he had withdrawn his hostility to Cyril's passion for her, and would give his consent to their union, provided no determined opposition sprang from Lord Kingswood.

Then Lady Kingswood, who was slowly recovering, Cyril, Erle and Penzance were summoned to join the father and his child, and before them Horace Vernon acknowledged his daughter, and stated that he had reared her in seclusion and innocence that she might escape the dangers and the miseries which attend upon love. He had, however, found that his foresight and his plans were futile when the Alibi, his disposer of events, ordained otherwise. Lady Kingswood, too, was chastened in her thoughts, and was now anxious to return to Kingswood Hall, to give to Lord Kingswood the explanation he so long had sought with her, forgive him for the cruel deceit he had practiced on her, and resume her former position, or, as it might be deemed advisable by both, after what had happened, live apart without the world being permitted to share their confidence.

It was decided, after a consultation, that she should return with Cyril immediately to Kingswood Hall, and that Vernon, with Erle, attended by Penzance, should follow, in order to hold an interview with Lord Kingswood respecting Erle's right and the course to be taken should Lord Kingswood refuse to receive or acknowledge him, and this programme, thus far, was carried out. Lady Kingswood had been informed of Philip Avon's crime and his incarceration, and this event, for the sake of Lady Maud, urged her to hasten her return.

She drove up to Kingswood Hall in a carriage belonging to Horace Vernon, accompanied by Cyril, and she was met by Lady Maud, who threw herself into her arms and wept bitterly, for she had sad news to communicate.

Lord Kingswood was dead! His wound, which was a severe one, obstinately resisted the efforts of the surgeons to arrest its progress to inflammation, and the state of his mind only increased its ravages, mortification set in with frightful rapidity, and Lord Kingswood, the last of the doomed of his race, passed out of life a victim of his own.

The same bell which announced the death of Lord Kingswood communicated the unexpected succession of Erle, Baron of Kingswood!

Two duties, however, Erle performed before he assumed his new rank. The first was to remove the remains of his mother from their resting-place within the Chace, and lay them in the vault of the Kingswoods in the private chapel attached to the Hall. The second to lay there also in a place of rest the remains of the murdered Lady Maud. His mother's remains he interred with only a simple ceremony, himself as chief mourner; but the long unburied crumbling relics of the Lady Maud were laid in their resting-place with pomp and funeral honors, at which all the Kingswood family and the whole household assisted.

The aged woman Edna was there among those who stood before the tomb, and as the last prayers were said over the velvet coffin, she sank back into the arms of Penzance.

"Her pilgrimage is ended!" he exclaimed, in a broken voice, to Erle.

Her prophecy was fulfilled. She died as the doom passed from the house of Kingswood, and she was placed by the side of her ancestors.

For a time Kingswood Hall was the scene of gloom, though scarcely of grief, for a companionship was speedily formed between Violet and Lady Maud, and as each now shared the society of the being they loved best in the world, they, while mourning for the untimely end of Lord Kingswood, experienced the quiet joy which unrestricted communion with Erle and Cyril afforded them.

Lady Kingswood was horrified when she learned that the Marquis of Chillingham had fallen by the bullet of the Marquis of Chillingham. What facts Lord Kingswood became possessed of she never knew—she could only surmise. Old Penzance placed in her hands one morning a paper, in which he informed her of the villainous part Pharissee had played, and restored to her the notes written by herself to the Marquis of Chillingham which he had perjured. She found, after the death of Lord Kingswood, the old Hall insupportable. She had erred, and, in a deeply contrite spirit, she retired to a secluded spot in a remote part of the kingdom, where she passed the remainder of her days, absolutely refusing all solicitations to quit it.

The second who had greatly contributed to her unhappiness was punished for his rascality by his wife, Albertina Pharissee, who never suffered him to quit her sight, and she led him a life of incessant torture. She provided herself with a gutta-serena whip, with which she lashed him when he offended her with most unmerciful vigor; and, as she made every act or word of his an offence, she spent a considerable portion of her time in chastening him. He occasionally, when he could snatch a chance, replied with a poker over her shoulder-blade, or upon that part of her *afronitis* where her front was located, but he invariably came off the worst in the encounter. She wealed him so fearfully, black, blue and green, from ears to heels, and tore out so much of his hair and whiskers by the roots, that he found it the wisest plan to surrender the short-lived satisfaction which well-delivered blows upon her skull afforded him. So he succumbed, and dragged on a wretched life until she whipped him out of it, only half satiated with the luxury of "correcting his quarrelsome tendencies."

She did not pass a lengthened term as a lone widow, but threw herself and her elderly charms upon a retired Grenadier, who was stronger in the arm than her, and took upon himself the task of "correcting her quarrelsome tendencies" with a "cat," which, with clever mechanical ability, he constructed after the pattern in use in the army, yielding it with a consummate professional skill and a pitiless dexterity which would have made the spirit of Pharissee rap with frantic delight if it could have favored the new married couple with any such spiritual manifestation of hilarious enjoyment.

Erle was now undisputed lord and heir of the race of Kingswood. Cyril, happy in the possession of Violet, accepted his junior position in the House without a murmur. He had at first conceived a liking for Erle, and that feeling now speedily ripened into a warm and sincere attachment. In the interval which succeeded the death of Lord Kingswood and his marriage with Lady Maud, Erle devoted himself to the pleasurable task of making himself known to the whole of his tenantry, and promised to apply himself to the graceful labor of improving their condition and ministering to their happiness as far as he possibly could.

At length the long-hoped-for day arrived which united him to Lady Maud. All Kingswood and the surrounding country were alive with the festivities and the rejoicings, for it was made known far and wide that the doom which had long hung like a pall over an ancient house was removed.

It was known, too, that another ancient house had ceased to exist. Sir Walter Avon was found dead in his bed after his son's arrest, and it was rumored that he had poisoned himself. Philip Avon had been tried, and, although, by a merciful view of his case taken by the jury who tried him, he escaped capital punishment, he was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Cyril and Violet were married at the same altar with Erle and Lady Maud. They, at his request, took up their abode with Horace Vernon at Hunsford, and entered upon a life which promised to be supremely happy. Vernon, once a source for the sorrows of the past in contemplating their loving serenity and devoted affection for each other.

At this period old Penzance quietly disappeared. Although both Horace Vernon and Erle have made eager and searching inquiries after him, he has not yet reappeared—and never will.

Of Batrie's Stanhope it may be said that she found one that loved her well, and, marrying her, placed her in the position she coveted, and, save with one memory, she was as happy as she could have expected to be. Cannon, her brother, married to Nettie Cotton, gave up diplomacy and took to cotton-spinning, and is now one of the largest and wealthiest, and happiest manufacturers in Cottonville.

We must not forget Susan Harebell. Of course she married Mr. Cyril's smart young groom just as arrangements could be made, because Lady Maud made her a present of a handsome dowry and an annuity; and Erle and Cyril subscribed the money for that roadside house. Should you, reader, go to Wootton-under-edge, you will find, a few miles on—road, Susan and her husband, one of the happiest couples in the kingdom, and they will be so glad to see you, and will make you so comfortable, take our word for it.

Erle and Lady Maud Kingswood have settled down in peace and love on their estates. Erle, carrying out the intention of the late Lord Kingswood, has caused the old hunting-ledge to be levelled to the ground, and all traces of it to be removed, so that the record of his ancestor's crime may no longer stand a grim monument of his evil deed to the eyes of men. The subterranean passages have been blocked up, and great alterations have been made in the ancient park of the Hall, with the intent of removing from it, as much as possible, the ghastly character which for so long a period it maintained.

Nothing now remains for Erle to do but to solve the problem of happiness with his loved bride Lady Maud, having already, by God's holy grace, solved the wonder of Kingswood Chace.

THE END.

THE OFFICIAL RETURNS OF THE TRADE OF FRANCE WITH THE UNITED STATES, for the first six months of 1861, show a woful falling off, and readily explain the anxiety of the French commercial classes to witness a speedy termination of a war ruinous to many branches of European manufactures. Here are a few items: Wines, 63,759 hectolitres in 1861, against 131,000 for the corresponding period in 1859. (The hectolitre is a fraction over twenty-two gallons.) Brandy, 18,428 hectolitres, instead of 20,297, as in 1859. Under the heading "millinery," I find the falling off to be the difference between 112,621 francs in 1861, and 247,562 francs in 1859. The diminution in the exports of silk goods, almost entirely attributable to the state of affairs in America, already amounts to a value of 160,000 francs, or upwards of \$30,000,000. In 1859 the export of silks reached 20,719 metrical quintals (224 pounds each), and this year it has been only 19,903. At the lowest estimate, a metrical quintal of silk is worth \$2,000.

THE HARVEST IN IRELAND.—The wheat crop has turned out thin and light, so that the yield will not equal an average, but its quality is good. Of barley and oats there are good accounts, but the green scudens are different. With respect to potatoes, we learn that the blight was still committing great ravages, especially among the earlier kinds, and it was feared that probably one-half of the crop would be destroyed.

WAR NEWS.

Blockade of New Orleans, etc.

THE COMMANDER OF THE BLOCKADING FLEET AT THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI having learned that the rebels had established a telegraph station upon the Pass, by means of which they communicated intelligence of the movements of the fleet to New Orleans, on the 19th ult. dispatched the steamer Water Witch to break it up. A party was landed without difficulty, which succeeded in destroying the wires and a submarine cable that connected with the New Orleans line. They also brought off a host of the apparatus, composed of powerful batteries, cups, etc. A rebel steamer, which fired at the boats as they came off, was chased for twenty miles up the river by the Water Witch, but without result.

Reported Fight at Chapmansville, Western Virginia.

THE KANAWHA correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial says that five companies of the 1st Kentucky regiment, four companies of the 34th Ohio regiment, and one company of the 5th Virginia Regiment, under Lieut.-Col. Enyart, surrounded and attacked the rebels at Chapmansville, Logan county, and, after a short engagement, completely routed them, killing 60 and taking 70 prisoners. The rebels, in escaping, were intercepted by Col. Platt, who killed 40 and took a number of prisoners.

Vessels Captured off North Carolina.

THE STEAMER S. R. SPAULDING returned on the 2d from Hatteras Inlet to Fortress Monroe. She reports that the Susquehanna had taken two prizes at the Inlet. The gunboat Cambridge had taken four prizes whilst doing blockade duty off Beaufort, N. C.

Fight at Greenbrier, Western Virginia.

THE NEWS FROM WESTERN VIRGINIA reports a battle on the 2d, at Greenbrier River, twelve miles from Cheat Mountain, between a Union force of 5,000, under General Reynolds, and 15,000 rebels, under General Johnston. The engagement resulted from a reconnaissance made in force by our troops to ascertain the strength of the rebels. Having drawn out the full force of the enemy, General Reynolds appears to have retired, taking several prisoners and a large number of horses and cattle. The rebels lost in killed and wounded is estimated at 500; General Reynolds's, 17 killed and 11 wounded.

Route of Rebels in Missouri.

IT WAS REPORTED AT JEFFERSON CITY, ON THE 3d INST., that Lexington had been evacuated by the rebels, and that General Burleigh had probably occupied that place. General Price is reported to have taken the route for Independence, but whether he continued to take that direction is uncertain. The federal forces are mostly stationed at Ottumwa, Sedalia, and Georgetown; a force remains at Booneville, under General Pope. Price's army is supposed to consist of 25,000 effective force and 15,000 irregulars.

PERSONAL.

HAROLD POWER, A SON OF THE LATE TYRONE POWER, whose Irish characters are in the pleasant remembrance of many, has just entered the theatrical profession under the name of Page.

WALTER WASHINGTON BUCHANAN, A GODSON OF GENERAL WASHINGTON, died at Greenock, Scotland, on the 11th inst., at the age of 83 years. Mr. Buchanan was baptized in General Washington's arms at Hanover (now Morristown), New Jersey, on the 4th of January, 1777, and Kosciuszko and Lafayette were present at the ceremony. Mr. Buchanan subsequently became a surgeon in the United States Navy.

MR. HENRY WILLARD, FORMERLY OF WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, has made an investment of \$100,000 in the Government securities.

COLONEL BARLOW MASON, LATE AID TO GENERAL JOHNSTON, wounded at the battle of Manassas, died in Warrenton, Va., on the 1st. He was the brother of Senator James M. Mason, Captain Murray Mason and others.

UNITED STATES SENATOR BINGHAM, OF MICHIGAN, died of apoplexy at his residence at Green Bay, on the 6th.

JAMES B. CLAY has been released from custody and returned to his home in Ashland, Ky. He gave bail for his appearance before the United States Court, to answer the charge of treason.

HON. ISAAC W. STUART died in Hartford, Conn., the place of his residence, on the 3d inst. He was born in New Haven, and was the son of the late Rev. Moses Stuart, the distinguished Biblical scholar. Mr. Stuart graduated at Yale College in 1828, filled the Professorship of Greek and Latin in the College of South Carolina for several years, editing, meantime, an edition of Greek plays, which were very well received. Subsequently he wrote a "History of Hartford in the Olden Time" and a "Life of Jonathan Trumbull." In politics he was an active Old Line Whig, and as such he was repeatedly elected to one or the other branches of the State Legislature. Of late years, however, he has been in private life.

BOOK NOTICES.

REVISED REGULATIONS FOR THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES, 1861. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; Van Nostrand, 192 Broadway, New York. This work is published "by authority" under an order of the Secretary of War, dated as late as August 10th, who declares that it "shall be strictly observed as the sole and standard authority upon the matter therein contained." It is understandable to every military man. The Appendix embraces the Articles of War, containing many important corrections; also, selections from the Military acts of Congress, including those passed at the last session. The book is an octavo of 560 pages, is elegantly printed on fine paper, with new and bold type, and has an admirable exhaustive index.

THE HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, C. B. Richardson & Co., Bible House. No. 10, of Vol. V. of this valuable periodical makes its prompt appearance on the first of every month. It is devoted to the collection and preservation of the materials for history, more particularly those of early continental and Revolutionary history. The present number is especially interesting, from the facsimile presented of the Lord's Prayer in the hieroglyphics of the Micmac Indians. Among other matters, it also contains an original letter of Benjamin Franklin, dated Oct. 19, 1775, on the war of that period, in which he says: "For my own part, though I am for the most prudent parsimony of the public treasury, I am not terrified by the expenses of the war, should it continue ever so long. A little more frugality, or a little more industry in individuals, will with ease defray it." The philosopher, could he return to earth, would be delighted with the promptitude of his descendants in accepting any financial sacrifice to preserve that Union which he did so much to found. The Historical Magazine is a fine quarto of 32 pages; price, \$2 per year.

MANUAL OF INTERNAL RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR MEN-OF-WAR, by Capt. U. S. N. P. Levy, U. S. N., late Flag Officer of the U. S. Naval Forces in the Mediterranean, etc. D. Van Nostrand, 192 Broadway, New York.—This is a revised and extended edition of a work of great popularity and usefulness, written some years ago by Com. Levy, and for which there is at present a great necessity as well as demand, in view of the large number of comparatively inexperienced officers transferred, or who may be transferred from the merchant to the regular service. It is clear and concise, as well as comprehensive, and in giving it, free of all personal benefit, to the Navy, Com. Levy has added to his already distinguished reputation as an officer and a man.

A COURSE OF SIX LECTURES ON THE CHEMICAL HISTORY OF A CANDLE, by Michael Faraday, F.R.S., delivered before a juvenile audience at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, during Christmas holidays of 1860-61, 12mo., pp. 223. Harpers & Brothers, New York.—These lectures combine, in an attractive and familiar form, all the varied phenomena of combustion, involving an analysis of the constituents of the atmosphere, the effects of oxidation, and the chemical changes produced by so simple a process as the burning of a candle. On the principles thus elucidated, with a complete adaptation of language to the youthful intelligence, hinges some of the profoundest problems of chemistry; and the intelligent young reader (and for that matter many old ones) cannot fail to derive from this little book much curious as well as useful information and suggestions of value in all after life, to say nothing of the attractions it may offer for a further inquiry into that most fascinating of the fixed sciences, chemistry.

QUESTIONES FILOLOGICAS, sobre algunos puntos de la Ortoграфия, de la Gramática, y del Origen de la Lengua Castellana, y sobre lo que de la Literatura Española a la Nobleza de la Nación; por Don Antonio José de Irisarri. Tomo Primero. Nueva York: Imprenta de Esteben Hallet, 107 Fulton street. 12mo., pp. 298.—This is the title of a work of rare interest and great value to the Spanish student, and equally to the best educated son of the Peninsula. It is eminently critical—the work of a student for the student, and marks an era in the history and progress of the most sonorous and refined of modern languages. Sanor Irisarri is the Envoy of Guatemala in this country, and one of the few Ministers accredited here who have devoted their leisure to the glory and reputation of the countries which they represent. This work will do more for its laborious and excellent author than all the petty triumphs of diplomacy.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.

THEATRICAL MATTERS prosper unwontedly; the Saturday concerts in Central Park bring together their tens of thousands of gayly dressed and cheerful visitors; the shady side of Broadway teems with an animated crowd as ever; in fact, all the exterior indications of life in the city are as usual; as ever; and we all go on in blessed ignorance of the "Agrarian riots, the wild clamors of hungry and excited men, and the deep dread that pervades all minds in the prostrate Capitol," which we are assured by the English papers exist, in all their harrowing horror, in our doomed city! We shall next be told, doubtless, that we are dancing on a volcano, and that death and desolation lie under the glittered crust of our society. Perhaps so; but we are so blind and conceited as to believe that confidence in the strength and rectitude of our cause, with the Old World tributary to us, our granaries bursting with grain that Europe must buy and pay for, and California pouring her golden current in our lap—that under such circumstances we can afford to be cheerful, if not indeed gay. And so we patronize Wisard, and desert ourselves in the Park, and go to theatre-wild, and shall be doubt continue to do so through all the coming winter.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Hermann still holds away in this "Temple of the Muses" to audiences as large and delighted as ever, vacating the place one night last week in astonishing the staid and sober denizens of Brooklyn, who he drew almost as well as his rival "from the other place." Beecher. He goes hence in a few days to "the Hub," as Boston is sometimes called, and where we shall no doubt have grave expostulations from the philosophers (they are all philosophers there) of the "theory and principles" of his prestidigitations. When he leaves, it is understood, we are to have a turn at opera. The arrangements made by Mr. Ullman for the fall and winter are, so far as they can be decided, as follows: Two nights of opera will be given in New York, two in Brooklyn, two in Boston and two in Philadelphia. The company, as we have before stated, will be composed of Kellogg, Hinkley, Brignoli, Mancusi (baritone), Rusini and Muzio as conductor. On the New York and Brooklyn performances, which he gives as benefits, Mr. Ullman counts upon raising sufficient funds to enable him to commence his regular season in January. In this hope he appeals to the directors and stockholders of both houses, as well as to the public generally, to give him such support as will guarantee him, at least in part, against the risk of undertaking opera in such times as the present. On the success of this appeal will depend the extent, if not the decision of the negotiations in which he is now embarked. As after these preliminary performances Brignoli and Rusini return to Europe, it will be necessary for him to secure the services of a new tenor and basso.

THE WINTER GARDEN.—A feature at this favorite theatre during the past week has been the introduction to the public of two new dancers, the Senorita Cubas and Senor Ximenes, who have achieved signal success. The senorita reminds old patrons of Soto, whose pronounced dancing has been considered most effective of anything of the sort which we have had of late years. A new piece is now on the boards, "The Cup and the Lip," in which Mr. Charles Walcott and his family sustain the leading parts, supported by Miss Clifton, Mr. Davidge and other public favorites. Its success, predicted by the dailies, was verified by the fact. The Winter Garden certainly caters more to the inherent American love of change than any other metropolitan theatre. "Novelty" is the motto on its banners, and it is successful accordingly.

LAURA KEENE'S.—Miss Keene is gradually weeding out the "Seven Sons" of its rubbish. By and bye, it is to be hoped, the dialogue will disappear entirely, and the piece be left to its wonderfully beautiful scenic effects for success. A pleasant farce and the pictures are all that is requisite to make Miss Keene's theatre what it long has been and, we hope, will always remain, "a love of a box," yielding both gold and glory to its enterprising and excellent conductress. The best evidence of public appreciation of her efforts to please is found in the fact that the essential features of the "Seven Sons" fills the house in spite of the dialogue, which encumbers and deforms them.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—A new piece, founded on Dickens's last novel, "Great Expectations," has been produced at that house of all things wonderful, gathered from earth, sea and air. It was preceded by a political address by Barnum himself, supposed to have been one of the National Hymns, not submitted to the Committee. We understand this to be the regular opening of the winter campaign.

NEW BOWERY.—That popular actor, Mr. E. Eddy, is performing here, in the character of Robert Landry in the grand sensation drama of "The Dead Heart," and in the new piece, "The Spirit Friend." The theatre is flourishing, and deservedly popular with the "east side."

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Old Bowery assumes the title of "The Grand Orion Circus," under the management of Messrs. E. L. Tilton and H. Ashley. The features of attraction there are the performances of Mollie, Ella Zoyars, Signor Sebastian and Little Gomme. . . . The New York Philharmonic announce their concert for the ensuing season at the Irving Hall, instead of at the Academy of Music as heretofore. This change of location is to be regretted, as it may militate seriously against the winter subscriptions to the Society. . . . Opera was never in a more flourishing condition in Italy than it is at present. At Florence there are four theatres, at Milan three, and at Naples three—all giving operatic performances. This proves that not only is the love of music on the increase, but that there is an abundant supply of singers. . . . The last steamer brought out a new third act to the "Pardon de Pierrot," expressly composed by Meyerbeer for this country at Ullman's request. It was accompanied by a letter filled with compliments flattering to our national amour propre. . . . Edwin Forrest was born in Philadelphia, March 9, 1806, and he is consequently 55 years of age at the present time. His father was a native of Scotland. Finding the ship chandlery business, to which his father apprenticed him, distasteful, young Forrest joined a company of amateurs, wherein he fitted himself for his first appearance on the stage (which was in Rosalia, a female character of "Rudolph, or the Robbers of Calabria?") and laid the foundation for his fame. . . . Roger, the great tenor and Parisian favorite, goes to St. Petersburg for five years, having been won from the scene of his greatest triumphs by the offer of an enormous and almost fabulous salary. . . . Madame Volpini, a new singer, who is about to make a debut in "Martha," at the Theatre Italien, Paris, is spoken of as likely to share the successes of the winter with Rosini, Fenico and Marie Battu. She is said to be young and pretty, Spanish by birth, and to have already appeared with brilliant eclat at Havana. . . . The French company that performed in this city last season has gone to Canada to try its fortunes, under the management of Mr. Sage. There is also talk of its going to Mexico. . . . Flotow, the composer of "Martha," has recently completed a new opera in two acts; the libretto is by Léon Halévy.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

PARIS is exhibiting signs of prosperity, if increase of population may be regarded as one of those signs. The returns of the late census show the population of that city to amount to 1,700,000 people. In 1789 it contained only 650,000 inhabitants; even in 1841 the population was only 935,000; in 1851 they counted above a million, and in 1856 they reached 1,174,346 persons. The increase in five years to 1,700,000 is prodigious, and will set our political economists at work to discover the cause.

By the Bombay Cable a cable of July 12th, it appears that 75,000 bales of cotton were shipped for Europe in the three weeks ending July 10th, and that twenty-two ships were then loading for Europe at the low rate of 7s. 6d. per bale, or less than half a cent per pound. The shipments from Bombay to England have been: For first five months of 1861, 637,531 bales; for first five months of 1860, 270,165 bales. In June and July the rate of shipment was increasing, and would average at least 112,000 bales per month. In October the new crop would begin to arrive; and if the present rate of shipment continues, the export to England for the present year will exceed 1,300,000 bales.

In London, on the 28th ult., telegraphic communication was commenced with the station at Taganrog, on the Sea of Azov. The telegraph line is 2,500 miles long, and the experiment was quite successful, the clerks at each end conversing with each other upon the state of the weather, etc.

THE CAPTAIN OF A WHALER from the Shetland Isles has lately discovered in Hudson's Bay an entirely new amphibious animal. It belongs to the mammifera, is shaped somewhat like the manatee, manatee and dugong, these singular tropical animals which form the link between the hippopotamus and the purely aquatic mamma; has paws like the bear, and anomalously enough, eight of these, which spread out in the water, disclosing webs between the fingers; a triple eyelid, like the crocodile, and a voice described as very plaintive; spends its days on land, its nights in the water, and is thus invisible during the whole period of Arctic darkness. The captain has brought his prize to Shetland. It lives on seaweed and thrives heartily.

ENGLAND CIVILIZING AFRICA.—The English Consul, Foote, ordered the King of Porto Novo in Africa to come aboard the British ship, that he might obtain some better privileges for British traders. No doubt Mr. Foote is a merchant, and has an eye to trade. The King declined, out of regard to his dignity, but invited the Consul to visit him on shore. Mr. Foote felt himself insulted. Whereupon Her Majesty's Consul at Lagos sent down a British Commodore with a flotilla to bombard the uncivil African settlement. Poor Porto Novo was soon in flames, 1,000 men were killed and more wounded. Only one Englishman was slain, showing that this last specimen of English treatment of defenceless Africans was nothing but cowardly massacre. The last Herald of Peace gives the statement in full. How many centuries will it take to Christianize Africa at this rate?

VICTOR EMANUEL opened the great Italian Exhibition at Florence on the 15th ultimo. He was most enthusiastically received. He made a speech in favor of the unity of Italy, which he declared was not yet complete.

A PAMPHLET entitled "Secession in the United States and its Origin, by an American Journalist," has just been published at Paris, in the French language, for the purpose of proving, contrary to the assertion of English writers, that the issue raised by the war is essentially one of slavery, and not of tariff. The author very clearly shows that the liberal tariff lately framed by the South was put forward for the political purpose of canvassing for the sympathies of France and England in the present quarrel, and that there is no guarantee that this tariff would not be repealed if once the Confederate States were to be recognized. It is a curious fact that the most protective tariff that America ever had, that of 1842, was carried by the voters, at the last moment, of Messrs. Stanley and Andrews, Southern men, and approved of by President Tyler, now one of the Secessionist leaders. When this tariff was repealed in 1846, Mr. A. H. Stephens, now Vice-President of the Confederate States, and Mr. Robert Toombs, who but the other day resigned the functions of Minister of State in Davis's Cabinet to accept a General's commission in the Confederate army, voted against the change.

MR. BUCKLE has published his second volume of the "History of Civilization in England." In this volume he takes the history of Spain and the history of Scotland, and seeks to make out of them, still more pointedly, the four leading propositions which, according to his view, are to be deemed the basis of the history of civilization. The first and the fourth of these determine, we need hardly say, the school to which Mr. Buckle belongs. The first is, "That the progress of mankind depends on the success with which the laws of phenomena are investigated, and on the extent to which a knowledge of those laws is diffused." The fourth is, "That the great enemy to civilization is the protective spirit; or the notion that society cannot prosper unless the affairs of life are watched over and protected at nearly every turn by the State and the Church."

A PAMPHLET has been published in Paris, ostensibly from the pen of Faustin Soulouque, late Emperor of the Haytian darkies, whose good opinion he seeks to recover by invectives against Spanish annexation and slaveholders in general.

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE WAR.

A SERIES of letters from the United States in course of publication in the *Opinion Nationale*, of Paris, which the *Herald* of this city attributes directly to the pen of Prince Napoleon. However this may be, they do not reflect pretty clearly the views and opinions of the Prince and his suite, and cannot fail to produce a deep impression on the public mind of France. We subjoin a number of extracts, which will be read with interest, if for no other reason than the contrast which they afford to the shallow, carping and meanly malicious letters of "Our Own Correspondent" in the *London Times*, whose reputation for veracity requires vindication before his future statements of the simplest facts can be credited:

PARTEY—OLD AND NEW.

You know that the old American parties, Loyalists, Federalists, Whigs, Democrats, Know-Nothings, after successive dislocations, fusions and transformations, ended by being massed into two great divisions—Democrats and Republicans. It is useless to state that these names, almost arbitrary, do not at all correspond in America to the ideas which they would represent in France.

Here the Republicans are completely Democrats, and the Democrats entirely Republicans, in the sense which we generally attach to those words. Really, the distinction between the two parties rests almost exclusively on the manner of regarding the Slavery question. The Democrats—I speak of Northern Democrats, for in the South the Slavery interest dominates and controls all politics—accept Slavery, and seek, at most, to confine it to the States where it exists. Buchanan and Douglas have been the last heads of that party to which the interested adhesion of the South has given, in these latter times, a constant and marked preponderance in the direction of affairs. The Republican party, of later date, without exactly inscribing on its banner the principle of the abolition of slavery, has a manifest tendency to seek that result. The skillful men of the party are far from acknowledging that pretension, but its adventurous and reckless members do not make any concealment of it. Hence the horror which the Republicans inspire in the South; hence, in fine, the present revolution, the South having quite simply separated from the Union because the nomination of a Republican candidate, and the advent of that party to power, have appeared to it to be the inauguration of a policy of which the last word is the abolition of slavery. Perhaps there is even a shade of this incendiary question in the difference between Democrats and Republicans in their mode of understanding the political and social organization of the United States.

The Democrats, no matter how far advanced in the ideas which their name recalls, are still attached to a certain past, to Jefferson, among others, who, quite hostile as he was to the principle of authority, had nevertheless a fund of ideas in common with the first and most illustrious founders of the Republic—Washington, John Adams, Franklin—statesmen who would pass to-day for aristocrats of the first order. Thus the Democrats are not driven back, but have rather yielded to that immense ultra-Democratic current (I should say demagogical, if that expression were not of an employed in a sense which would not convey my idea), which since twenty years has transformed the physiognomy of the United States, and altered profoundly the social conditions of the country. It is that current which has, by degrees, brought the principle of elections to a ridiculously short term—one year, for example, two years at most for the highest offices—those of governor, judge, representative.

It is that current which has opened the doors of election halls to all foreigners, to that crowd of emigrants who, almost everywhere, enjoy the rights of citizens as soon as their foot has touched the soil of the United States—a tendency menacing to the conservation of the Anglo-Saxon blood and character. It is that popular wave which has drawn with it the last prestige of federal authority, under pretext of preserving State Sovereignty, and which has, consequently, weakened authority in the States themselves, under pretext of preserving individual independence, so that, in all degrees of the hierarchy, public offices are considered as the spoil of a small number of men, who dispute about them and share them among themselves, and so that honest and capable citizens keep aloof through that same sentiment of self-love which would make them seek them in another country. These are the movements which the political institutions and social habits of the United States have followed—a movement which is interpreted to the eye of the most superficial observer by a deplorable exaggeration of carelessness of manners, and by the most complete abandonment of the usages and forms of the world.

It is under the administration of the Democratic party that this development has been wrought, for it may be said that since Jefferson all Presidents—Jackson at their head—have belonged to that party. Then came the Republicans, who have wished to exaggerate that which was already an excess, and to accelerate a movement which had already attained a frightful rapidity. They have just come into power for the first time with Mr. Lincoln. Likewise all the men whom party advancement has elevated to the highest offices are new men, strangers for the most part to the routine of public business, still greater strangers to those external forms with which statesmen are accustomed to surround the exercise of authority.

The Democrats had, to a certain extent, among them an uninterrupted tradition, which, although much weakened, runs back, however, to some illustrious personages. The Republicans have come at the first jump, and without any apprenticeship to the Government, having everything to learn as diplomats, as financiers, as administrators, as economists and as men of the world—all that requires practice and study. Statesmen are not improvise.

MR. LINCOLN AND HIS CAREER.

Mr. Abraham Lincoln is the firstborn of the Republic party; he was first a schoolmaster, afterwards a lawyer, or rather attorney, then a deputy for two years, and was, besides, perfectly obscure and unknown. When, then, the Republican party was reckoned at the beginning of this year, and it became known that by acting unanimously they might have a majority in the Presidential election, the leaders assembled for the great and legitimate operation of dividing the offices and funds, in the event of success.

All went well in regard to what concerned the offices of Secretaries of State, Ministers, diplomatic envoys, directors, &c.; they agreed easily. But the great question—the reserved question—that of choosing a President—provoked several storms. Each name put forward raised violent protests.

Success was endangered for want of agreement upon whom to fix the nominal leadership. Then it was that Mr. Seward, present Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, as a man of mind and capacity, might have had the greatest claims on behalf of himself, and did raise the liveliest opposition, said to his friends: "You must have, I see plainly, a man who has no enemies; I have the very thing, let us take Lincoln." And in this way it was, sir, Abraham Lincoln has come to seat himself in the chair of Washington.

I have told you what Mr. Lincoln was before his election. Physically, he is a giant; he has a pleasant face, with a look of embarrassment and timidity; a slow walk and his back arched like the greater part of those men whose height surpasses the proportions of human stature. Futurity will inform us whether he has any other merit than that of having no personal enemies, as Mr. Seward said.

MR. SEWARD.

This latter personage is about fifty years of age; small in figure, he has a little head on a neck of which the habit of not wearing a cravat sets off the extreme length. His entire person denotes cunning and intelligence, and also a little conceit. Like the greater part of the Americans of his school, he speaks English exclusively; he has travelled in Europe, and possesses some sterling qualities. He is, next to the President, the most important man in the civil administration of the United States.

THE HOUSE OF CONGRESS.

I have been present at sessions of the Senate and House of Representatives. I have had pointed out to me the most influential members of both parties. Mr. Breckinridge is the Kentucky Senator, leader of the Opposition, whose opinions and wishes are almost equally divided between the North and South, like the people of the State he represents. Mr. Sumner, Massachusetts Senator, acknowledged

leader of the Abolitionists, an amiable, educated man, having travelled much in France, the friend of De Tocqueville—and very well versed in our literature.

Contrary to what has been so often written about the tumultuous appearance of the Chambers, the dress and eccentric habits of the honorable members, I found in the Senate and House of Representatives an aspect very usual and decent. Without the fashion of the great number of white coats, which, worn by a number of Western members, degenerate, by their extraordinary cut, into a species of garment of the middle ages, we might fancy ourselves in one of our French political assemblies. I have seen no one with his feet on his desk, not the least bit of revolver, and I have looked in vain for those little blocks of white wood, the cutting of which with a pen-knife passes for one of the favorite diversions of the statesman, the judge or the American attorney in the exercise of his duties.

FAVORABLE IMPRESSIONS SURVIVED.

Doubtless, in the United States, some details of secondary moment shock our European ideas and habits; but I do not wish to dwell on those details without real importance, which should not blind us as to what is good and great in this country. I declare to you that, arrived in America with prepossessions extremely favorable to the United States, the reality has proved to be far beyond those prepossessions, at sight of those immense cyclopaedic cities and those magnificent workshops, proportioned to a condition of things where everything has dimensions unknown to the Old World.

I have found in the United States that which, despite my inclination to admire everything, I did not expect to meet with, on the word of even the most favorably disposed travellers, and that is perfect order, honesty, eagerness to be of service, if not urbanity, life comfortable, easy and regular; in fine, an habitual intercontact by all classes of society which neither soils, wounds nor chills any one.

CIVILITY OF THE NORTH.

I will add that I have been struck and touched by the ardor, in some sort chivalrous, with which the people of the North, contrary to their most immediate and most important material interests, have thrown themselves into a war in which they have but one end—that of vindicating the honor of the flag of the common country, which they believe to have been outraged by the South. This is what I have seen, and what I am very happy to say and to repeat. But I must also be permitted to give, with the same sincerity, the impression which the very (I need not say it) superficial contact with the politicians of the Union assembled at Washington has made on me.

I have found them, on every step of the ladder which they could successfully reach, a jealous and unbridled Democracy, in quest of men sufficiently mediocre to inspire neither envy, hatred, esteem nor love; everything which wounds the sentiment of equality, once that it has passed the bounds of reason and common sense.

LOW PERSONNEL OF THE GOVERNMENT.

For a long time, in the United States, political careers and public offices have ceased to be a vocation in order to become a trade, and one of the trades the least esteemed in a country where, according to the expression of De Tocqueville, all honest professions are honorable professions. Ministerial portfolios, seats of judges, senators and deputies, the very presidential chair, belong to a limited class of citizens, who use them, so to speak, like a monopoly.

I think that in consequence of the estrangement which public, even municipal duties inspire in men of weight and capability, the republic of the United States is found to possess a Governmental personnel far below the real worth of the nation. It is plain to every one that there is there an extreme term which cannot possibly be passed, and that the evil, by its own excess, carries within it its remedy.

A GRAND FUTURE.

I do not doubt that the present crisis, which exposes the wounds of Government, its impotence, its incapacity and its thorough unpopularity, will be the beginning of a salutary and regenerative reaction. I do not pretend to predict the new political form under which America will pursue the career of her destinies; but this people has a vitality too great, a practical sense too powerful, resources too vast for us to fear that she will not profit wisely from the experience of the past; and that, unlike the extinct races, she will not be immovable in her errors, nor, to avoid them, throw herself into the opposite extreme.

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